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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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*An Unpublished Poem by Francis Ledwidge*

## THE MEETING

SHE'LL meet me with the gate thrown wide,  
The sunset red upon her grace,  
Loud will her heart be in her side  
And white the excitement on her face.  
And song and wing shall fill the place,  
And murmuring of a new moon's tide.

Strange shall her story be, and long,  
And old her love as the blue sea.  
In her white presence growing strong  
Of all my cares I shall be free.  
And with her through the years to be  
Live where wing-shadows shake with song.

## A VISION OF THE LEFT WING

*By Herbert Palmer*

OUT of wretchedness they came,  
 A great multitude of men,  
 Crying out against the night,  
 Crying boldly for the light ;

Maimed and thwarted, hunger-pined,  
 Hurried on through rain and wind,  
 Claiming what their sires had won—  
 Half an acre of the sun ;

Praying for a wider field  
 And their share of harvest yield,  
 Crying out against the night,  
 Praying purely for the light ;

Men of heart and men of brain,  
 Clanking fetters through the rain,  
 Men by mammon scarred and tied,  
 All the wronged and crucified ;

Men of soul and men of head,  
 Starving men who pined for bread,  
 With the blameless ever blamed,  
 By the rods of culture lamed.

Often were their words unwise,  
 But the stars were in their eyes,  
 And they surged against the night,  
 Crying nobly for the light.

And their prayers had nearly won  
 Half an acre of the sun  
 When the ghouls of midnight stirred,  
 And the ears of darkness heard.

“ Here is profit ! ” cried the throats  
 Craning through dark vulture coats,  
 “ Half an acre of the sun  
 Is much more than we have won.

"Let us mingle with the band  
 As it nears its solar land" . . .  
 So there moved into those ranks  
 Men of dark and evil pranks—

Men of avarice and guile  
 Cloaking mischief with a smile,  
 Men who cheat and men who lie  
 And defame the starry sky ;

Men whose sins are burning red  
 Working madness in the head.  
 Men who'd wash away their stain  
 Selling sheets of lily-bane ;

Men of wrath and men of hate  
 Plotting ruin of the great—  
 An infernal company  
 Marching onwards to the sky.

And they mingled with the good  
 As they neared a vernal wood,  
 Hailed the wisest of the band  
 As they reached their solar land.

And they kissed the pure and mild  
 And the innocent beguiled,  
 Mixed dark cunning with their might,  
 Strove to steal their crumbs of light.

Soon the grabber and the fool  
 Changed their order to misrule,  
 And the pervert and the swine  
 Fouled their sacramental wine.

Woe ! Ah, woe upon those hours !  
 For the light fled from the flowers,  
 And their golden, shining boon  
 Seemed a fragment of the moon.

\* \* \*

Lord of Pity, be their guide !  
 Scatter soon the dreadful tide !  
 Lest the vengeance of the proud  
 Wrap their spirits in a shroud.



## THE POOR FARM

*By Temple Lane*

YOUR field in the sea rain  
 Like our egg glass at home  
 Runs daily, grain by grain,  
 To join the sand and foam :  
 And your pale oats is flat,  
 As if a moth had been  
 From this tossed wall to that  
 And eaten all between.

Saint Declan by a wish  
 Dried up the river bed.  
*Since ye deny me fish*  
*Draw in your nets*, he said.  
 Did he take luck from farms  
 Along the sour coast then ? —  
 'Tis Nature makes our harms,  
 Not thoughts of holy men.

A match-maker could say—  
 “ With that-one's fortune go,  
 A monied lad, away  
 To the Vale of Aherlow,  
 Where shining milk-churns pass  
 And, smooth to touch and eyes,  
 Beasts fatten on the grass  
 The way they cannot rise ! ”

You watch the white-armed tide  
 And tend the crumbling earth.  
 So one to you is bride,  
 One mother by your hearth.  
 I pray alone in vain  
 Till clouds at dawn awake  
 Dyed red with all the pain  
 Of lonely hearts that break.

O earth and tide are deep  
 To mock at them that pine !  
 'Tis in cold arms you'll sleep  
 Who never slept in mine.  
 Was it a girl that had ye  
 I'd hit her with my hand !—  
 A man may change his fancy,  
 But never leave his land.

*Three Poems by Patrick Kavanagh*

PRIMROSE

UPON a bank I sat, a child made seer  
 Of one fair primrose flowering in my mind.  
 Better than love it is, said I, to find  
 One small page of God's manuscript made clear—  
 I looked on Truth transfigured without fear,  
 The light was very beautiful and kind ;  
 And where the Holy Ghost in flame had signed  
 I read it through the lenses of a tear.  
 And then my day grew dim, I could not see  
 The primrose that had lighted me to Heaven,  
 And there was but the shadow of a tree  
 Ghostly among the stars. The years that pass  
 Like shadow soldiers never more have given  
 One moment to see wonders in the grass.

## MEMORY OF MY FATHER

EVERY old man I see reminds me of my father  
When he had fallen in love with Death  
Ten years ago in Monaghan.

That man I saw in Gardiner Street  
Stumble on the kerb was one ;  
He stared at me half-eyed—  
I might have been his son.

And I remember the musician  
Faltering over his fiddle  
In Bayswater, London—  
He too set me the riddle.

Every old man I see  
In October-coloured weather  
Seems to say to me :  
I was once your father.

## ANNA QUINN

O GOD above,  
Must I for ever be a dream of love ?  
Must I for ever see as in a glass  
The loveliness of life before me pass  
Like Anna Quinn or sunlight on the grass ?



*Two Poems by S. M. Tusting*

## LYRIC

AND isle on isle with peak and pine  
 In zones too bleak for bloom and vine  
 Reserve for midnight moons that shine  
 The secret runes, the secret sign.

And league by league where pinewoods reach  
 And blowing snow and whining beach  
 Are clapped in clamour each to each  
 Great voices on the gale beseech.

Allow the Viking shades their sea,  
 Their shearing blades—and leave to me  
 Sweden's white Boulder, and her Tree  
 Of emerald colder than January.

## AN EVENING IN CARMARTHENSHIRE

HERE once were conquerors ;  
 Here, where the hillsheep munch,  
 And the border river, churning  
 Beneath each alder bunch,  
 Deeper scoops its shadow,  
 And sleeker, like an eye  
 That looks, and bides perceiving  
 From Ystradffin to the sky.  
 . . . Tunicked and high-nostrilled,  
 Sandalled and helmeted—  
 They tramped the orchid meadows,  
 They broke the Hills of Lead,  
 Plundered, revelled, marvelled—  
 And—was my brain aflood  
 With atavistic sorrows  
 Where trout and sewin scud,  
 Or torrent-sculptured truly,  
 Grass-plumed, ore-tinctured, reared  
 A First Centurion's likeness,  
 With rowan for his beard ?

There was the heavy eyelid,  
 The rolling lip of Rome,  
 The muscled throat, descending  
 To mountain Towy's foam—  
 Not Tiber's; and most darkly  
 His brow of swallows' caves  
 Drawn on the cliff considered  
 The peat-stained Cymric waves,  
 As if he harked the working  
 Of dolly-pot and spade  
 While the great shafts were driven  
 Down Pumpsaint's golden grade—  
 Or the angry songs of the slave-gang  
 Washing the gold;—again,—  
 His Silure's girdle clanking  
 Through the thin un-Roman rain.

And was his countenance—  
 —That elemental van  
 Of striding wraiths, upon  
 A scale Egyptian—  
 But sunrays round a boulder,  
 Mirage, at the day's close?

Sooner, I would suppose  
 Some mighty spirit lost there  
 Took quartz for flesh; and grows.

# THE BLACK CHURCH

By Austin Clarke

THE nearer the church, the further from God—this is one of the half-forgotten proverbs which experience has compelled me to reject. For by some happy and inscrutable set of circumstances I have lived most of my life within stone's throw of some church or another. My childhood years were spent under the shadow of an edifice known locally as the Black Church. This Protestant church on the north side of Dublin was grim and forbidding in appearance and its popular name in the neighbourhood, with all its theological implications, was apt. Even before the age of reason I was dimly aware of the *odium theologicum*, and when the sound of Sunday singing came faintly from the lancets behind the iron railings, I expected to see the devil loom terrifically from the leads. Nature, however, cherishes the young and, in my own case, dispelled my fears of the Reformation by giving me the Antipodes for a plaything. In Spring, when the sun came out suddenly after the rain and the gutters of the Black Church were still loud, a wonderful pool remained in our backyard between the swing and the alder tree. Looking into the pool I could see, tiny and antipodean, the spire of the church pointing downward through the very sky itself and part of a celestial city of roofs and chimney pots.

In later years I lived next door to a presbytery and, from the room in which I wrote, I could see between the trees at nightfall the dimly illumined stained-glass windows of the chapel, and hear the murmur of devotions. At twelve o'clock in the day I could hear the voices of school boys running to swing the bell rope and at half past nine at night the last sound was that of the chapel clerk locking the doors and shuffling down the gravel path to his home. There was one other sound which greatly influenced me. Only a wall divided my bedroom from that of the senior curate in the presbytery next door. With unfailing regularity I heard at midnight, despite the thickness of the wall, two crashes in rapid succession as the curate rid himself of his boots. One night I lay listening to the dreamiest sound in the world, the soft sound of Irish rain in the trees between my window and the locked church. I was awaiting, too, the dreadful sound of the boots. For some time I had been brooding over the lost

mediaeval Ireland of saints and scholars, desperately searching for a keynote, some image, however small, which would set going a whole series of images. Midnight came but there was still silence in the house next door, and I remembered at last that the curate was away. In that inner silence the image for which I had been looking came into my mind—

rainfall

Was quiet as the turning of books  
In the holy schools at dawn.

Although I no longer live within earshot of a church, I am almost within view of three seminaries. "In the south are the people of Christ," runs an old Gaelic proverb, and on my south is a large Jesuit seminary. I have but to close my eyes and see that ornamental pond in which the prefect of our college was accustomed to immerse himself to the chin on winter nights. On the west, near the plague-pits of Partholan, is a Dominican seminary which greatly influenced my life. For here, as a city child, on a Sunday outing, I saw for the first time under the ancient trees in the demesne a patch of bluebells. Years afterwards, writing the story of Diarmuid and Grania, the first lines which I wrote came from that glimpse under gloomy trees. On the north-east, immediately across the road, is the postern to another seminary, almost a mile away, belonging to an order whose very name would fascinate any poet—the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

Despite the urgency of sight and sound, our poetry during a half century has neglected the daily idiom of religion. We have had nothing comparable with *Le Cloître* or *Les Moines* of Verhaeren, *Les Vies encloses* or *Le Règne du Silence* of Rodenbach. Our national genius for organisation has nowhere shown its possibilities more clearly than in the work of ecclesiastical reconstruction and re-establishment which began at the close of the eighteenth century and, after Emancipation, has continued steadily to the present day. The development of religious journalism in the present century afforded opportunities for a further expansion of energy. Religious newspapers, magazines and reviews are our literary expression of this new wider-spreading activity. What should be whispered is shouted, and the mysteries are propounded in topical form by professional journalists. Amid



clatter and opinionativeness, the difficulties of poetry are increased. For poetry has all the virtues, without the reward, of the contemplative life, and it demands those ideals which are absent from all journalism, discipline of the tongue, the lowered eyelid, patience and complete control of the emotions. Eventually a *désespéré* may appear, a Huysmans or a Bloy. Joyce might have been such a one, but he went into romantic exile.

Irish poetry in the early days of the revival was inspired by the recovery of our mythology and folklore. This would not have happened had not pioneers, such as Ferguson and O'Grady, worked in a period of neglect. It might not have happened at all had not the last circle of a European interest, both imaginative and scientific, in mythology and folklore reached our shores. Our revived interest did not extend to the imaginative literature and hagiology of mediaeval Ireland. My own interest in the Celtic-Romanesque period was due to one of those compulsions which were common among writers who left school before the Great War. Having perfect faith in the Irish literary movement, as I knew it, I had set out for the south-west of Ireland. I was on the track of the lost southern mythic cycle of Curoi Mac Dara and had a notion that in Kerry some imaginative experience might aid me. But something occurred to my inner eye. I could no longer see the rugged landscape of Ferguson and Herbert Trench, another landscape, a mediaeval landscape, was everywhere I looked. I could not understand this intrusiveness until, suddenly, in Clare, turning the corner of a market place, I saw Scattery across an inlet of the Shannon. I scarcely saw either the island or its monastic tower owing to the silver blaze of water and sun. But I saw because of that light and in their own newness the jewelled reliquaries, the bell shrines, the chalices, and guessed at all the elaborate exactness of a lost art. Lacking imaginative study and preparation, all that period still remains unexplored. As in all Irish matters, there are certain difficulties and implications. The desire for historic unification has caused us to depreciate the exuberance of the past. Yet our Irish mind in the past is nowhere so vigorously and joyfully shown as in our hagiology. Into the wonders and stories of our mediaeval saints went all the abundance of that mind which had shaped the later mythology. Here is a wealth beyond Brittany because it was set down in literary form. A century ago traditional myth and folk lore



were despised. That shamefacedness still lingers in our attitude towards the mediaeval period in Ireland. Let me give a concrete example. Mr. Shane Leslie has collected in his large compilation, *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, selections from the imaginative lore which has clustered around this historic place of pilgrimage. As Dante is said to have been influenced by this lore in which the Norman and Irish mind intermingled, we might suppose that we could take pride in it. Mr. Shane Leslie, however, is careful to warn us in the introduction. "The legend has been sifted, the pilgrimage itself reduced to the irreproachable elements of fast and solitude, prayer and penance. No legend any longer haunts the mind of men, nor distracts the reader avid of religious mystery." This is in the manner of the 'thirties, when traditional religious lore was dismissed as mere popish superstition. Gaelic religious poetry of the later period is an equally unexplored subject, but even here the rationalising method of our new puritanism shows itself. Of all these Gaelic religious poets Angus O'Daly is imaginatively the most stimulating. The rich colour of his poems is an exotic blend which brings us a glimpse of southern Europe. Mr. Aodh de Blacam, in *A First Book of Irish Literature*, a manual intended for general reading, dismisses the rarest of these poets in a contemptuous line. "O'Daly has left a larger volume of religious poetry than any of the many bards who wrote in that vein, and is correspondingly noted. But in truth his poetry is turgid, sugary, and sometimes grotesque to the point of heterodoxy." So might Samuel Johnson, with Nonconformist sternness, dismiss the fervours of an unfortunate Crashaw.

When I was a child I always felt that there was something very queer about the prayers which I committed to memory, but it was not until many years later that I realised the fact that many of our novenas and indulgenced ejaculations are not composed in real English. For they do violence to its emotional range. Those exclamations and sacred diminutives and superlatives which we use when on our knees at night all sound to me now like bad translations from the French of the post-Lamartine period and, as a literary man, I am spiritually embarrassed. This maladjustment is due, I think, to the fact that we changed our language only a century or so ago, and we lack all the aspiration of the Gaelic vocative and the clustering and eclipse of its genitive plural. If the present bi-lingual experiment in this

country has any inner meaning, the explanation can only be that the race itself is dimly conscious of its lingual maladjustment. Was it this mental discomfort that made Joyce, for instance, use a Romance language in daily life and eventually change the entire cut of English to suit himself? Certainly, the sound of spoken Irish at a street corner or in a government office comes as a distinct psychic shock. In such uneasiness can a few of us be blamed if we abandon English rhyme and pursue the complexities of another prosody!

The poetic experience, as Aubrey de Vere has pointed out, is analagous with religious experience; but it is completely distinct and the two should not be confused. When we attempt to express our present state of mind in poetry, attempt to define our exact relation with the twentieth century, we are met at once by the intransigent nature of our medium. The verbal and poetic associations of the English language belong to a different culture. A passing image of Corbière or Samain can stir up our deepest memory. Rimbaud can capture us in a couple of sentences: "*Madame établit un piano dans les Alpes. La messe et les premières communions se célébrèrent aux cent mille autels de la cathédrale.*" Our own associations are dimly stirred by such phrases and we remember the gastric fevers of childhood, the dreams of a hot pillow. But we look in vain in English for the individual associations of our own earliest mental life. The first difficulty which presents itself to anyone writing poems on religious subjects here is the fact that the subjects themselves have literary conventions which must be broken. The devotional symbols of rose, lily, star, poignard and so forth are temporarily outworn as far as the poetic art is concerned and can scarcely be renewed in our day. The poet, in fact, is in rather similar position to that of the creative artist who wishes to oppose the bad commercial traditions of ecclesiastical art and the emotional conventions which are as rigid as those set down by Panselinos in the eleventh century. Harassed by the new religious journalism, which is destroying our imaginative traditions with hoarding and heading, poetry must rely on our earliest fears and intimations of immortality. I can remember only too well the religious decencies of my childhood, the mysterious twilight of those old city churches hidden in narrow streets; and some obscure memory of the days of persecution kept us from display. Our novelists and dramatists write in anger but we must write sometimes in sorrow.

# MOORE'S CLAIM AS ANGLO-IRISH NATIONAL POET

By W. Stockley

ONE means by an Anglo-Irish poet, a being very different from some normal poet of the Ireland that was, or that might have been, if Ireland had kept its own language, and had been allowed to develop a life of its own, not unshaken, yet unbroken.

And of five chief Anglo-Irish 19th century poets, Moore, Mangan, Davis, Ferguson, de Vere, the most ignorant of, or the most indifferent to, what were the properties (so to speak) of the waters of Ireland—rivers now choked, or rivers turned to underground flowings; or, from long hidden mountain-lakes, streams falling into now unvisited seas—the most unknowing, as to those sources whence an Irish poet should drink any waters of mystery and wonder, out of the ill-defined, the poetic, this *most* unknowing man was Thomas Moore.

Further, be it said, that now for a couple of generations we have been hearing that Anglo-Irish literature's business is "to strike its roots into Gaelic past, and not into the mighty tradition of England." And if Ferguson has done this, and even Aubrey de Vere, (and, later on, still more sensitively, and perhaps more deeply, W. Yeats), Davis had done it but slightly, if at all; and Moore almost not at all; (though he could write, in haunting Gaelic numbers,

"At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping I fly  
To the lone vale we loved").

And the wanderings of the author of even "My Dark Rosaleen" had been in worlds other than that Gaelic Ireland of old. Still, Mangan, though he began with no Irish, learned some; and certainly he was—to use John O'Donovan's phrase as to Moore—more "conscious of his deficiencies," than was the Moore, setting out, in all the confidence of consummate ignorance, to write his second-hand *History of Ireland*; that hated burden of his wearied age. Moore had been a scholar; but his Irish scholarship knew only the Ireland of England's rioting and ruining.

He could laugh at that, as well as cry about it. After one parliamentary defeat of Emancipation, England ordered five million bullets for her garrisons here. And Moore sang :

I have found out a gift for my Erin,  
A gift that will surely content her,  
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing !  
Five million of bullets I've sent her.

She asked me for Freedom and Right,  
But ill she her wants understood,  
Ball cartridges morning and night  
Is a dose that will do her more good.

Anyway, this historically great literary figure, this powerful prose writer and brilliant artist in verse, singer and satirist, was a changer of men's minds and hearts : he was one force making for Catholic Emancipation, and certainly he was a softener of prejudices among Ireland's enemies. He is, today, at home and abroad, an influence moving to many-sided sympathy with, and understanding of, his Ireland.

More holds possession.

That does not prove everything. There have been bubble reputations. But on the other hand one has one's doubts as to "mute inglorious Miltons." And Moore, in such possession, challenges any common sense criticism to ask the reason why.

Moore himself judged, that "it was in working the rich mine of my country's melodies that my humble labours as a poet have derived their sole lustre and value." His words, born of Ireland's music, went home to men's bosoms and business, when pulses were stirred to generosity, and minds were set on nobility. He stood in the Dublin Theatre Royal box, in September, 1838, and when the drop scene fell, he answered the whole theatre's "Three cheers for the Bard of Erin," by speaking as "the humble interpreter of those deep and passionate feelings, those proud though melancholy aspirations which breathe throughout our undying songs ; as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people, by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom, are



felt." He recalled, that he had seen accomplished his prediction, that, through him,

"The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,  
The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep."

The next year, 1839, that very noble French youth, Montalembert (whose heart went out to Moore's peasant Mistress, the Church, wronged and scorned), wrote to Moore: "Your poems were my guide and delight during my journey in Ireland; when I used to hear the melodies sung, and really felt, in every priest's house and every peasant's cabin where I halted." Be it added, that the present writer heard, two generations later, recounted by Dr. Carroll of the American Civil War, how at night, the Irish in the rival armies—'tis more than seventy years since—would sing, answering, or in united chorus, Moore's Melodies; as their sad souls, or brave, awaited the morrow's mutual dealing-out of death. And in the astonishing sentimentalising of Irish-American church worship, I have, at the Elevation in the Mass, heard on the organ: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms"; and I have heard of a devout young priest—I knew him—who, when setting up in his church a statue of St. Patrick, caused the choir to sing the words of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

Ever to be noted and recalled it is, this influence of Irish story on Moore; "some of whose songs have done more for Ireland than all Grattan's speeches." So wrote John Stuart Mill, thinking of Ireland's appeal, through Moore, to France, Mill's second country.

"The poet of modern Ireland"; as that, above all things, Moore was held up, by the historian politician, Justin MacCarthy, at the unveiling of the memorial over Moore's grave in England. And thence echoed Moore's own voice: "There exists no title of honour or distinction, to which I could attach half so much value as that of being called your poet, the poet of the people of Ireland."

Things are as they are; and Moore has been accepted. His fellow-countryman, and critic editor, Stopford Brooke, hears how Moore's songs do dance and sing, march to battle, mourn over the dead, follow the patriot to the scaffold and to exile, and, in tragedy and in comedy, tell of the scenery, the legends, the sorrows and the mirth of Ireland. Not, we add,



in the ways dictated by the best of taste, perhaps; nor with the highest tragedy, nor with any supreme touch of poetry. Yet a great and wonderful thing they do—did not even our estranged visitor, Charles Kingsley, say it?—they make finely successful appeal to nobler and to happier wide-spread humanity, and to elemental feeling.

Fighters for Mangan, lovers of Mangan, have the right to dwell on "My Dark Rosaleen," to dwell, to linger, to burst into passionate lament. And the O'Hussey Ode—is there anything in Moore so unselfsatisfied, and with so boundless a cry? If you like, Mangan is the Dora Sigerson of that day; and Moore the Katherine Tynan—whose verse, also, will, often, surprise, by its beauties, those that know it not.

And Moore's was an honest personal life. He was the honestest man about money. The feelings in his verses were in nowise shamed by his acts. Swindlers cursed him. But "they cannot take away from me either my self-respect or my talents; and I can live upon them happily anywhere."

However, Moore's life was no Mangan agony. Nor was his poetry a mighty despair. He was a worker, and no dishonest worker, for the Ireland he would see; its flag to be entwined with England's flag, when

" Their various tints unite  
To form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace."

As says Brandes the Dane, in his *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, "this champion of the cause of Ireland was no advocate of her independence"—why, my dear sir, should a big Ireland dare to aspire to be as free as a little Denmark?—"Moore did not desire the separation of his country from England; he only desired that she should be ruled more justly." Yet, added Brandes, "he addressed his heartfelt glowing strains to a country which lay humiliated and bleeding at its torturer's feet." And this European critic will even have it, that Moore did "more for his country than ever man had done for it before; more even than Burns had done for Scotland; namely, to knit its name, its memories, its sufferings, the shameful injustice done, it, and the most admirable qualities of its sons and daughters, to imperishable poetry and music."

"By an exile from Erin, nothing," the exiled Moore himself says, "is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her."

But Moore, to repeat, would give the name 'freedom,' to some juster rule by England. And thus, when refusing to stand for parliament (1832) he answered: "I shall continue . . . to devote such powers as God has gifted me with, to that cause which was my first inspiration, and shall be my last,—the cause of Irish freedom."

This serious prose Moore wrote Captain Rock's mockery of English tyranny and bigotry, in Ireland; wherein, said even the English *Times*, "the love of justice, humanity and liberty breaks through every apostrophe of the author; however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity or scorn."

Then, without levity, and with whatever seriousness the poet was capable of:

"Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,  
And gave all they chords to light, freedom, and song."

Beware lest those many-sounding verses be read like prose rappings.

Generally, as to Moore's anapaests—and I am not saying I like them, and they have left Anglo-Irish poetry a wretched imitative legacy—if they sound rattling and telegraphing ticking, (like ra-ta-tá, ra-ta-tá), let his readers never stumble into a forgetting that Moore, mostly, thought, in the music, out of which came his words. His words would never have existed, he tells, but for the music in his head. Two short syllables and a long make an anapaest. But Moore heard two un-machine-like quavers and a crotchet. He never heard: Thère is nôt, | in this wíde | wôrld ä vâl | lëy sô swēet | . He heard, and he sang, something more like:

Thère is nôt, in this wíde wôrld,  
A vâlley sô swēet.

—using his words as though he loved them. So, contrast, as said and then as sung—not, I s<sup>a</sup>w | fr<sup>o</sup>m th<sup>e</sup> b<sup>e</sup>ach | ; but,  
 “ I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
 A bark o’er the waters move gloriously on.”

What sounds of music ! So, the first half dozen of the Melodies—take “ Go, where glory waits thee ” ; “ Remember the glories of Brien the brave ” ; “ Erin ! the tear and the smile ” ; “ Oh ! breathe not his name ” ; “ When he who adores thee.” Sing them ; not say them. Further, not always are Moore’s lyrics anapaests, whether skipping in speech, or flowing in song. No need to prove it again, by the wistful wonder of “ At the mid hour.” Take the beautifully modulated song to a Catalan air :

“ Peace to the slumberers !  
 They lie on the battle plain  
 With no shroud to cover them ;  
 The dew and the summer rain  
 Are all that weep over them.”

Admirable sound-compeller was Moore. To Shelley ; “ the sweetest lyrist ” of Ireland’s “ saddest wrong.” “ And Love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.” Like music. So Shelley, most truly, on Moore’s words. To repeat, Moore felt words as sung. He makes English as ‘ singable,’ as Byron’s “ satin-like ” Italian. But then, O’Connell’s kneeling to a George IV, in 1821, did shock even the imperialist Moore ; as it shocked a Byron, into hard scoffs : “ O’Connell proclaim His accomplishments. His !!! ” And Moore’s O’Connell verses are noble, and Irish-inspired verses, strong and firm :

“ Up liberty’s steep, by truth and eloquence led,  
 With eyes on her temple fix’d, how proud was thy tread !  
 Ah ! better thou never hadst lived, that summit to gain,  
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour thy fame.”

O’Connell was angered. But Moore insisted, that he denounced O’Connell’s *manner* in the cause ; not questioning his sincerity (Moore’s *Diary*, August, 1839). Still, Moore’s blank

unknowingness of hidden Ireland is revealed in his anapaest rubbish on the death of Grattan (1820) :

“ Shall the harp then be silent, when he who first (!) gave  
To his country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes ?  
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave  
Where the first, where the last, of her patriots lies ? ”

And in 1815, not more than a dozen years after his friend, Emmet, had died for Irish independence, Moore, in England, had written of his “ poor,” his “ wretched ” country, whose “ state is frightful,” where “ all rational remedies having been delayed so long, there is none left but the sword, and the speedier it is used the more merciful.” Death, then, to the Emmets. When young Robert Emmet was dying for that poor country, his college friend, young Moore, had been taking an honest English colonial job in Bermuda.

But no man would die for the imperial area defended by Moore. And to die for it, was the last thing Thomas Moore meant to do, or meant anyone to do. Though his Gheber can

“ Swear, before God’s burning eye,

To break our country’s chains or die.”

And, as Lord John Russell, Moore’s editor, explained, ‘ Gheber ’ spelt ‘ Irish.’ The poet showed his love for Ireland by words ; “ sincere,” he claimed, and telling “ truth ” ; even if he must needs ask England’s “ forgiveness,” for their being rather “ intemperate.” Wherefore, an O’Donovan Rossa may not be wondered at, for his scornful quoting of Moore’s cry,

“ Alas, for his country !

’Tis treason to love her, and death to defend ” ;  
with, then, the prudent poet’s complacent conclusion,

“ Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure’s soft dream,  
He should try to forget what he never can heal.”

It was when he was eighteen (1797) that Moore had published an address to his fellow students in Trinity College ;

“ Ireland, my fellow students, is singular, in suffering  
and in cowardice—she *could* be free, yet she is a slave.”

The words—“ she could be free ; she is a slave ”—read to us like a comment on some of the acts of the acknowledged poet of Anglo-Irish Ireland ; Thomas Moore, crowned though he be, with that established and that world-wide fame.



# A LETTER FROM BRINDISI

*By Dermot Freyer*

THE small boy in the dark-blue sailor suit careering down the left-hand side of Leinster Road from Harold's Cross had about him an air of light-heartedness that was unmistakable. At the bottom of the gentle slope the main thoroughfare of Rathmines Road crossed at right angles. By contrast with this quiet back-water in which he lived, the variety and bustle and speed of traffic always to be encountered there, the clang and clatter of the tram-lines where, throughout the day and long after dusk, apparently, and his bed-time, the big cars labelled "Nelson's Pillar—Terenure" swooped noisily townwards and out again, clothed it with a strange and fascinating glamour—a land where anything might happen, ever full of the spice and stuff of novelty and adventure. And thither now he was skipping with leaps and bounds jauntily along. Looking at him, you would say at once that he was happy, guess at a glance his high spirits, his abundant contentment with the world in general: and in particular with himself.

A morning of blue and gold, the air had a brisk tang in it, a perceptible keenness that foretold the touch of frost at night-fall, for the month was October. For the rest, however, the limpid clearness in the sun's exuberant rays, the bland glow kindled by the faint breeze now and again rustling the mellowed foliage still clinging in amber boughs, might well have done credit to a kindlier season. And what could be more delightful than to be going for a walk—embarking upon a stroll, a saunter by hop-skip-and-jump, a care-free expedition, *by oneself*—in so charmed and radiant an atmosphere?

The small boy had other stimulating impulses to which that thistle-down step might well be responsive, other well-attested reasons for joy by no means far to seek. In his breast-pocket at this very moment nestled a small square piece of brown paper such as might have been torn from a parcel that had been through the post: as, in fact, was the case. It was precious to him beyond imagination, valuable in his estimation, above the price of rubies. Firmly adherent upon its surface appeared the 4d. brown-and-green stamp bearing the crowned head of the young Queen Victoria, surcharged in narrow but heavy black



block letters with the magic words, BRITISH BECHUANALAND. He had swapped it at school only yesterday; swapped it—if such good fortune could by any means be believed—for a mere green 2½ anna India—a stamp which in the circumstances of his own particular household was, as he reflected joyously, scornfully—with a pleasant sly mental pat on the back at his own artfulness—"common as dirt." It certainly seemed at moments incredible.

To assure himself to the contrary he stopped now suddenly—as he had already done twenty times that day—and put his hand in his pocket, immediately to dispel the painful feeling that perhaps after all the whole transaction was no more than a dream, an illusion, a vision all too rosy and romantic and divorced afar from dull fact. Perching himself on the coping-stone of the railings that separated one of the front gardens from the road, he withdrew the treasure and examined it minutely anew, gloatingly appraising its various merits before ensconcing it once more in the secure depths of its hiding-place. "*Jolly* good swap!" he murmured ecstatically as, fired with fresh energy, he sped on again, eager and alert in pursuit of fresh worlds to conquer.

The further fact quickly borne in on him, that to-day he had a penny to spend, made those fresh worlds obviously more easy of access. His week's pocket-money was not strictly due until Saturday, and to-day was only Thursday, but the sheer impossibility of waiting until the somehow strangely distant and elusive week-end was an experience already well-known to him: one of Time's riddles to which he had never yet found a solution. His mother had listened—as she habitually did (though with mild protest when the claim was put forward, say, on a Monday or Tuesday)—to the specious arguments advanced by the small boy, and volubly echoed by his sister, who was just a year younger, in support of their combined demand for financial accommodation in advance, with an amused and tolerant smile. And at the conclusion—impressed presumably by the unassailable soundness inherent in the novel brand of logic employed—had produced from the bulging and well-worn shiny leather purse the requisite four halfpennies—the form in which, owing to anticipated diversity of purchases to be made, payment was always preferred. The transaction completed, a fervent kiss and

a hug by way of first instalment of interest was immediately paid over by each of the now eager and excited recipients. No contract of so intimate a character, it was felt on both sides, could ever be effectually, becomingly, sealed and completed without this customary ceremony.

Turning to the right at the bottom of the road he made his way now more rapidly towards the tiny sweetie-shop round the bend, so felicitously called "The Bee-hive." Joining the swarm that ever hovered before its plate-glass window he contemplated the varied and brightly-coloured display carefully, unhurriedly, and with solemn thought. Presently, having made up his mind with obvious difficulty, he entered and emerged again quickly, bearing a small bag containing a fat and luscious farthing pepper-mint humbug, a farthing square of somewhat pallid pink-and-white coker-nut ice, and a stout paper-wrapped stump of the well-known brown maple sugar-stick delicacy, familiarly christened "Peggy's Thigh."

No further purchases being now possible he began to retrace his steps at a more leisurely pace. Arrived at the corner of Leinster Square he decided to go homewards by this route, in preference to entering at the end of the road itself, where the heavy iron gates still stood, though always wide open, fixed back on their huge rusty hinges, the paint blistered and peeling, splashed with mud and discoloured. The old-world atmosphere of privacy and seclusion engendered by these decaying relics of a bygone age gave an air of settled melancholy to the spot which to the small boy's mind was by no means agreeable. The houses here were of a slightly more pretentious character, closely encircled by large dark-foliaged trees whose interlacing boughs and high over-arching crests cast a gloom far and wide, from which it was scarcely possible to escape even in the middle of the carriage-way. Passing that way, almost invariably fear crept into the small boy's heart. Returning from the delights of an excursion into town with tea in the 'pushy' street—a colloquialism on the lips of the children to which Grafton Street's crowded pavements had long ago given origin—he would cling more tightly to his mother's hand and lag a little behind, his vision mercifully screened by the protecting fold of her skirt. To traverse those shadows alone even in full day-light a second time within twenty-four hours—he had run down so fast and

furiously and with so joyously preoccupied a mind that for once he had been but dimly conscious of them and only for a brief and fleeting moment—was an ordeal he did not feel prepared to face. But the square was a different matter: a perennial joy, an ideal natural play-ground of the most secluded and desirable kind imaginable. It was not, in fact, a 'square' at all: Leinster Square was a T-shaped lay-out, consisting of duplicate gardens on either side—dusty laurels, an occasional dark-leaved tapering bay tree, a few struggling lilacs, a debilitated laburnum or two, gravel path and lawn—with a road running up the middle and one solitary row of three-storied drab dwelling-houses crossing the top at right-angles, their windows looking out over both enclosures. One end of this terrace terminated blindly in a high brick wall, but the other, while also limited by a similar boundary, contained in the further corner a narrow gateway through which by descending two stone steps one immediately found oneself in the upper part of Leinster Road. In this half cross-piece of the T—a pleasant, wide, safe *cul-de-sac*, where the only traffic consisted of foot passengers with an occasional butcher's or baker's cart that drove in leisurely fashion up to one of the house-fronts, deposited its goods and clattered cheerily away again, a group of children might at almost any hour of the day be found playing.

And so it was on this bright sunny morning. Even at this distance the shrill note of their laughter, sharp, piercing, hysterical shrieks, delighted scamper and patter of racing feet echoed widely in the clear air. Playing about the roads, however much taboo with parents who occupy large houses with spacious grounds and have whole-time nurses at command, is apt to be readily forgiven, even unofficially welcomed, by tired-out middle class mothers of limited means engaged in the sordid struggle of trying to bring up a family in the cramped confinement of "furnished apartments." In its particular neighbourhood, this quiet corner of Leinster Square was almost a god-send.

The small boy stowed the unconsumed portion of his precious ration safely out of sight—first critically testing it in various positions for sign of a bulge that might reveal its whereabouts to the alert and unduly inquisitive eye of a comrade, and eventually tucking it away about his person securely and to his satisfaction. Whirling both arms, fully extended, round

and round at topmost speed, like the sails of a windmill—a method of propelling himself along which he was convinced ensured greater speed—and solemnly letting off steam in loud hisses by way of warning against possible collisions, although not a soul was here in sight along the pavement, he set off up the slight incline at a steady gallop. Thus exhilarated, he arrived at the upper corner under the single big chestnut tree with its strong branching boughs, the surface under it littered with browning white-lined husks, broken twigs, and large wide leaves, mostly of russet and ochre and gold, but some quite untinted by autumn's touch, torn down in eager pillage. He circled this area hurriedly, leaning well over and deftly balanced like a spinning-top, in ever-lessening rings, his body at a graceful angle, with eyes fixed keenly on the ground—looking out for possible booty—but found none. Without further pause he dived round the angle of the railing.

He eyed the company assembled on the favourite spot in a friendly manner. He knew most of them fairly well: knew also, at a glance, the game they were engaged in at the moment of his arrival. "Parnellites and anti-Parnellites"—known, doubtless, by other names equally provocative of conflict to previous and to successive generations of children—it was a good, simple never-ending racket with plenty of excitement about it, calling for keen, even heated, rivalry at every twist and turn and readily adaptable to any number of players. In its present phase it had, perhaps, only one distinctive peculiarity: whether by accident or design it would be difficult to say, but of one thing one might be comfortably certain—the outcome was never in doubt: the 'Parnellites' were always sure to win.

Greeted clamorously on all sides with a shout to join in, he not unnaturally assented there and then, eagerly and without waiting for a second invitation. In his present radiant mood of "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," he certainly felt good fortune awaited whichever side he might be picked to support. And for an hour or more amply proved the truth of this inspired confidence. Through all the turmoil and hurly-burly, the concentrated rushes, scrimmages, tussles, and fierce hand-to-hand engagements he was indeed an acquisition; ever in the forefront of the fray, ever resourceful, feet stubbornly



resisting, arms flying wildly like fails, contending with energy untiring and a will there was no gainsaying.

Gradually first one and then another of those who had furthest to go dropped out of the game, pausing on the outskirts for a 'breather,' flushed and perspiring, before wandering away to their homes and dinners. The small boy, living so close to the scene of action, was one of the last to give in. When at length the warning chime of a clock in the High Street communicated to him the fact that he would undoubtedly himself be late at table he stopped abruptly, prepared to bolt through the aperture in the wall and scamper precipitately up the road. At that moment, however, in a final fit of exuberance, it suddenly came to him how good it would be triumphantly to display to the few remaining players that secret immaculate treasure-trove that even now nestled so close to his fast-beating heart. With a studied air of nonchalance he withdrew it and passed it round to each in turn for inspection. Their undis-simulated awe in the presence of one so richly gifted lent a final glow to his morning's experiences that was vastly exhilarating. At last, accompanied by one particular and still breathless boon-companion, he tore himself reluctantly away. Setting out at a good pace he soon found his progress considerably hampered by an arm flung unceremoniously round his neck. Clinging there warmly all the while, it proved—though he made no attempt to remove it—a somewhat irksome handicap, and speed inevitably slackened.

At some distance from the house, from the opposite side of the road, he caught sight of his mother's armchair in the window. It had long been established as a sort of beacon-light in the family to guide them home. On one occasion, when the children were both much younger—the first time, in fact, they had ever stayed for a night away—during a week's summer visit to Howth Strand, the little boy and girl had suddenly felt themselves faced with a dreadful dilemma. "Oh, mother!" they had cried in chorus of alarm, after they had solemnly discussed the difficulty in private conference, "however shall we be able to find the house when we go back?" And then at that instant Maureen had had a brilliant inspiration. Her gravely worried expression brightening to a smile, "I know," she had said delightedly, overjoyed at finding a solution, "we'll see mother's



chair in the window : ” adding hopefully, “ and perhaps there’ll be Tiddles ! ”—Tiddles being the beloved tabby-cat, the great pet of the household, for whom the top of the high back of the chair was a favourite resting-place, a look-out post and position of advantage from which he could observe from afar, for hours without interruption and with half-shut eyes, the peregrinations of all the neighbouring pussy-cats.

When he entered the room in number 34 which was in use as living-room out of the three that were occupied by the family, dinner was on the table and his sister already seated. His mother, who at the moment was getting the bread-knife out of the sideboard drawer, smiled at him kindly, tolerantly, without a suspicion of rebuke for his lateness and the somewhat sketchy attention to toilet which his haste had necessitated. His eyes met hers, and immediately—he felt sure she had been crying. It brought him up with a bump, shattering instantly the joyousness with which he had bounded through the hall. He was puzzled, the words he had been about to utter suddenly silenced. Wonderingly, faced by this altogether unexpected, incomprehensible fact, he felt he could not speak. His heart was full of a queer dismay. Suddenly he went up to her, and she bent down to his out-stretched arms : he kissed her passionately, fervently, the tears almost starting to his eyes as he did so. And somehow he felt more certain than ever of the truth of what he had observed.

He pulled up his chair, climbed on to it and sat down, dumb-founded at the thought of his discovery. It was cottage-pie, and after mixing it thoroughly, he patted his helping carefully into the shape of the big Sugar Loaf mountain. Then started boring a tunnel through from one side and then the other at the very bottom. He ate the successive half-spoonfuls slowly, meditatively, as he extracted them, gradually enlarging the excavation in every direction, while he weighed up and considered this queer business.

His mother was certainly not a strong woman : small and seemingly fragile, with fine delicate features, and terribly thin—the veins of her hands showing up with peculiar clearness, strangely blue against the smooth white ivory of her skin. Early married life in India had ravaged cruelly a constitution at no time particularly robust : malaria—recurrent attacks of punishing

severity—together with the unbearable heat of the plains playing remorseless havoc with her steadily diminishing powers of resistance. By the time she came home she was a wreck. More than once doctors had already told her she could not live through the night. Only her indomitable spirit—the *will* to live, for the sake of the children, as she herself expressed it—had dragged her back from the brink of the grave many times. And latterly, when she was in the habit of making light of their warnings, and yet again—a miracle to marvel at!—pulled through and recovered, they would tell her solemnly that another winter here would certainly be her death-knell: she must get away to the south . . . the Riviera, if possible; find some sheltered, sunny spot along the Mediterranean coast—Hyères, Nice, Mentone. “How *can* I?” she would reply quietly, without a shade of resentment at the pleasant but preposterous proposition. Vain hope indeed—the time-worn recommendation now merely made her laugh, a little bitterly—with two mites to look after on £250 a year! The children had long ago come to realise that one day in every week at any rate they must count on her being laid up. But this was nearly always on a Monday: ‘Mummie’s sick day’ it had come to be called, so significantly regular was the recurrence.

The day was fixed in the boy’s mind for a double reason. The Indian mail arrived in Dublin on that day, and almost always there was a letter for his mother. The stamp on the envelope was, of course, what attracted him. The postman’s call on those mornings was an event. Delightedly he would run in with the letter to his mother’s room, and get her to open it there and then and hand him back the cover. Sometimes it had just a single green 2½ anna stamp on it, sometimes it bore several, generally made up of the 1 anna red and ½ anna green in varying proportion: but more frequently it was an embossed envelope, the stamp oval, orange in colour, imprinted semi-circularly in the design four and half annas and surcharged straight across in black letters ‘two and a half annas.’ Often his mother was still in bed when he ran in, for the post came early, and sometimes she was still asleep.

On one occasion when she had seemed to be sleeping particularly soundly and he had had considerable difficulty in waking her, she had surprised him by saying with grave emphasis,

as if she wished him to take particular note of the words : "Gerald dear, *never* wake me for one of these letters."

It had certainly puzzled the boy completely, and been a bit of a blow for him too. It seemed dreadful to have to wait until his mother got up before he could have the stamp, even if it were only a swap. But her words, inconsequent and arbitrary though they had appeared at the time to be, made a deep impression, and ever after he had respected her wishes in the matter, reconciling himself to the delay with whatever patience he could muster.

And then the second factor which had marked out Monday securely in his mind was that strange coincidence to which allusion has already been made. It was 'Mummie's sick day.' On these occasions she would generally have to stay in bed until dinner-time. And whenever either of the children had to go into the room—if, for instance, she happened to call one of them to carry out some small commission, visit a shop, or speak to Mrs. O'Malley about a meal—it always quite upset them to see how ghastly ill she looked. They would creep out of the room on tip-toe, closing the door softly behind them, astonished and wondering, and even not a little frightened.

Occasionally his mother would be ill on Tuesday instead of on Monday. And at times, particularly at certain seasons of the year, when the monsoon was raging in the Indian Ocean—though this latter fact was of course not within the radius of the small boy's knowledge ; nor at the time were the two occurrences ever consciously associated with, or related to, one another in his mind—the Indian mail would also be a day late.

Lately, however, for a couple of weeks or so, not only had the mail been late—there had been no Indian mail at all. A sad and grievous disappointment. And then at last, only this morning as it happened—a Thursday in the week—a letter with a foreign stamp on it had suddenly made its reappearance. From Italy, and of course just the commonest value of all, it nevertheless had a certain interest and merit attaching to it, when discovered on a letter actually addressed to someone in one's own house.

Vaguely, dimly, as the Sugar Loaf finally vanished with the last few hurried mouthfuls of cottage-pie, the small boy began to wonder, . . . pondering over this—for him—happy and fortuitous circumstance. Surely that could not have any associ-

ation with the distress which his mother had evidently tried so unsuccessfully to conceal from him? Why on earth should it! No, surely not: and yet . . . He gave it up, gave it up as hopeless, gulping down half a glass of water to relieve his feelings.

Prunes and rice followed, and when she served him—he stole a cautious glance at her as he took the plate from her hand—she was smiling so sweetly and looked so loving and bright and kind that once again in a moment he began to doubt whether, after all, he had not made some mistake. Of course there was still a sad light in her eyes—she had always something indefinable of sadness in her expression, even in the most jolly surroundings, and this had always been so, so long as he could remember—but they were certainly different now, more shining and more . . . peaceful than when he first came into the room. It cheered him enormously to feel that perhaps it was all nonsense that he had been imagining, and the more he considered it now the more quickly his habitual mood of gaiety returned to him. His mother was chatting quite in her usual vein, deeply interested in all the children's doings, with his sister; and presently he himself joined in whole-heartedly: telling her everything he had been up to since breakfast-time, his visit to "The Bee-hive," his game in the Square, his return in company with Fergus.

Almost directly dinner was over, and before the table had begun to be cleared there was a resounding ring at the hall-door bell, and the landlady appeared on the scene to announce the names of some children who lived close by. They had called to know whether Gerald and his sister could come out with them, 'up and down'—that is to say, for a walk, but only within the safe and secluded confines of Leinster Road. They had the mail-cart with them, to go for rides in, and this attraction, coupled with the fact that, even at that early age, the boy was by no means heart-whole, unsusceptible to feminine charms, doubtless accounted for the alacrity with which the invitation was accepted. One of the party, known familiarly—though no one could ever explain exactly why—by the strange appellation of "Boo," had long held the impressionable Gerald in delightful but ruthless thrall. With the exception of Lucy and Lettie, two sisters who lived next door, and whose large blue eyes, so laughing and tender, and peach-bloom complexions, and marvellously fair curly hair, at moments made him waver a little in his faith,



he felt there could never possibly be anyone for whom he would cherish so deep and abiding an affection. It was truly with tempestuous promptitude that he got himself ready and tumbled to the welcome diversion, the blissful companionship thus graciously proffered him.

As the hall door banged behind them and the lively chatter of the children was carried quickly out of earshot, the expression on the mother's face underwent a remarkable transformation. The smiles died away as if they had never played there, the radiance vanished as before a breath blown from fields of ice, and instead there remained only a look of infinite weariness, of fatigue to the point of exhaustion, of utter heart-breaking desolation, that told, only too clearly, of hours, months, years, it might be, of mental pain and suffering.

She moved over to the fire-place and sat down in the low chair with her feet on the edge of the fender. The grate was an old-fashioned one and did not throw out much heat. Leaning her body forward, she shivered a little as she tried vainly to coax a flutter of flame, by prodding gently with the poker. A large half-burnt-out cinder tumbled through the bars, which were horizontal and much too wide apart: the whole fire, meagre as it was, appeared to be on the point of collapse. When the landlady came in with the tray, she asked, somewhat timidly, if she might have a little more coal, as the scuttle was empty. Mrs. O'Malley was kindness itself, sympathetic and considerate to a degree in case of illness or any mishap of that sort, and devoted to the children, but in this matter of fires she had a deep-rooted passion for economy. A stout but healthy and active woman herself, born and bred in the country, she could not understand people requiring so much artificial aid to keep themselves warm. Her lodger made no complaint, recognising her many estimable qualities, and knowing from bitter experience the vicissitudes and pitfalls that beset one, particularly with children, in the gloomy and devastating search for furnished rooms. But it was a real hardship to her all the same, for the suns of India had so dried up her poor frame—this was her own confident interpretation—that the first breath of cold weather struck her with a chill that penetrated to the bone. Presently she got up and went out of the room, returning almost immediately with a large woollen shawl wrapped closely about her arms and shoulders.

It seemed to comfort her: the pinched and famished look was not so apparent as she settled down again.

She continued to crouch over the fire for some while, motionless and staring into its sullen depths, her features drawn with melancholy. At last she stirred herself slightly, as if with some reluctance, taking a small work-basket from a stool at her side, and placing it in her lap. Opening it, she drew from the top a letter—the letter, now bereft of its envelope, which Gerald had brought in to her so joyously that morning. It consisted of several closely written pages on ship's note-paper, with the P. & O. crest at the top. She read them through carefully from beginning to end, turning the leaves listlessly, pausing now and again, her eye running over a line, a paragraph, here and there a second time, as if determined to avoid all mistake, to make sure she had grasped the full significance of the words. Not a muscle of her face moved. Arrived at the signature she doubled it over quickly, pressing the fold tightly along with firm touch of her fingers, and returned it to its place among the sewing things. Drawing a tiny cambric handkerchief from the folds of her dress she wiped her thin lips scrupulously from side to side, as if she had a nasty taste in her mouth. She lay back in her chair now as if exhausted, dead-beat, as the result of some physical effort.

The autumn twilight sets in early, and she heard the lamp-lighter pass along on his round, his foot-steps approaching and fading away in the distance, while the shadows were deepening round her in the little room. She made no effort to move, but when the gate clanged gently open and the sound of someone coming up the flagged pathway and mounting the steps to the door came to her ears, she seemed to listen, as if conscious of who it would probably be. The visitor was admitted, and exchanged a cheery word or two in the hall, pausing apparently for answers to one or two enquiries: then he walked straight into the room without waiting further to be announced.

He was a tall, stoutish, elderly man, broad-shouldered and upright, with a large square cheery face, its rosy colouring indicative of robust health. He was cleanshaven about the mouth and chin but with slight, greying, mutton-chop whiskers at the sides and very bushy, strongly jutting eyebrows, also turning grey. His deep-set hazel eyes had a gentle, kindly fire in them, quick and

merry, full of mischief and fun. He gave one the impression, somehow, of a sleek, amiable tom-cat, well looked after and fond of his own hearth. He was dressed in a grey frock-coat with a flower—a sprig of scarlet geranium—in his button-hole, and held in his hand a pair of gloves, a small bulging brown-paper bag, and a grey top-hat of the kind one often sees depicted in John Leech's drawings in old pages of *Punch*. These latter he deposited on a chair close to the door as he came in. Spruce though he looked, this—including the buttonhole, which he always carried, cut, if need be and the season demanded, from the galaxy of bloom always to be found in the tropic atmosphere of Mrs. Shepperley's green-house—was no party rig-out, but his habitual mode, familiar, one might almost say, to generations, and honourably hallowed alike by time and tradition.

"Hullo, all in darkness!" His voice was deep and resonant, with a tender note of affection in it. He moved across to the fire-place. "Well, Sheila, my dear, how are you?"

His daughter got up out of her chair and placed her hands on his shoulders. She gave him a kiss.

"I hadn't noticed how dark it was getting . . . the days draw in so. . . . Shall I light the gas?"

"Not for me—please. I'm quite all right."

She seemed relieved. As she sank into her seat again, he turned a chair round from the table and sat down. The fire was burning more brightly now.

She did not answer his question directly. After a slight pause she said quietly:

"I've had a letter . . . from Brindisi: the boat touched there on Monday. . . . He should be in London in a week's time—maybe less."

"London?"

"Yes. He is stopping there a night or two before coming over. . . . He has some arrangements to make." She pulled up abruptly, as if loth to continue. The next few words came from her lips with obvious difficulty, in a lower tone, but with a curious quick mechanical flow, as if she must hurry over them to get them out. Her eyes were fixed on the now blazing and spluttering coals, arms folded in her lap and shoulders hunched. "Gerald's to go to school—boarding-school—at once—at half-term . . . somewhere just outside: . . . East Sheen."

"Near London, you mean?"

"Yes."

"But there are plenty of good schools in Ireland. Why can't he send him here?"

"Not good enough for *his* son!" The sting of mockery was in the phrase. "It's the best private school in England—so he says. 'The premier private school in England.' Established more than a hundred years ago. Somebody or other . . . the Dukes of Teck, were educated there. . . . Oh, yes—" trying to recollect—"and Disraeli mentions it in one of his novels: Tudor Grange. . . . Tudor Grange . . ." She repeated the name slowly, almost as if in a dream; as if trying to visualise it—and all that it meant to her.

The old man was silent, appearing to find it difficult to say anything. When his daughter remained silent too, he added, after a pause:

"Is it quite settled?"

"Oh, yes!" She laughed bitterly. "Everything's in proper order, I can assure you! They'll be very pleased to have him . . . under the circumstances: though they don't usually like to take them in the middle of term. . . . They've written to say so."

"What are his plans?"

"He'll be here for about a week—getting the boy's things. Then they'll go back together. He'll take Gerald down to the school himself: deposit him there safely. Then . . . well, I suppose he'll stay on in London—for a time at any rate. . . . He doesn't say."

"You'll have Gerald with you for the holidays anyway."

"Next holidays, yes—for a fortnight. Then . . ."—the woman's distress became more manifest with every word—"in January Maureen's to go over with them. He's found a place for her too, at Richmond. She'll be quite near Gerald, apparently—that's one good thing. . . . After that, he's returning to Homburg, or Karlsbad, or wherever it is, to go on with his 'cure': he's going there for Christmas—only running over here in January—January 15th and 16th—to fetch the children. At the end of his leave he's going straight back to India, from the continent."

"Who'll bring them over at Easter, and other holidays?"

Again she laughed, more nervously this time, biting her lip to keep control of herself.



"Oh, goodness me, no—they're not coming back here any more. That's finished. The old ladies Maureen's going to, make a speciality of looking after Anglo-Indian children—a sort of holiday-home. Gerald's to go there at the end of each term, . . . and stay there till the next term begins. They're very kind people, he says: he's sure the children will be happy there." The smile that accompanied the words had a desolating quality of resentment, of acerbity about it."

"But, Sheila,—he can't do that!"

Her father spoke forcibly now, his indignation, his anger thoroughly roused at the sight of his daughter's suffering. His cheeks took a tinge deeper flush, his jaw showing set and determined in the firelight.

"I don't know. . . . I suppose he can. He's clever enough! . . . And these lawyers!—you know what they are: they'll do anything . . . any mortal thing . . . if they're well paid for it!"

"That's not right: I'm sure the law wouldn't sanction such an arrangement—without your consent."

"Oh, the law! . . ." She spoke lightly, banteringly, her lips curled in scorn. "The law's very funny! . . . The law probably decides it's for their own good—in their own interests! . . . I expect he's got it in black and white all right! He says it's during the period of their education. . . . After that—when they're grown-up, they can choose for themselves. . . . By that time I suppose I'll be in my grave! . . . It won't break *his* heart!"

The old man was obviously dumb-founded, marvelling how cruel we can be to those who have been most near and dear to us, once love wanes.

"I suppose," she went on again presently, "it may be partly my own fault. You remember I said once I'd sign anything, even if it meant five shillings a week, to get away from him. . . . But I never thought he'd do this—take Gerald and Maureen away."

"But *why* should he do all this?" He seemed to find it impossible of belief.

"Vindictiveness, perhaps—to hurt me all he can. Or just sheer cussedness—because I've annoyed him." . . . She gave a short laugh. "Amenities of married life! . . . I don't know. . . . We're a queer race! . . . Of course I've got every imaginable fault. Not a letter but he nags at me about extravagance. . . .

Extravagance!—" she looked round the poorly-furnished room, the walls tinged with a rosy glow from the embers. "It was just the same in India: if I wanted an extra bit of flannel for the babies I'd have to argue half the night to get it!"

"He never had any money himself when he was a boy—running wild on the mountain, skipping the bogs in Connemara."

"Oh, I *know*!"—the remark seemed to irritate her, though it was obviously not so intended: "and it's marvellous—simply marvellous—how he's got on, made his way. I give him full credit for it. But you can't be telling him so to his face every minute of the day—especially when you have to sit opposite to him at every meal. And because I wouldn't do that he thought I didn't appreciate him!"

"But surely there must be something more. . . . Sheila, . . ." He hesitated. "Do you think there's someone else . . . another woman?"

She laughed. "I don't know. I don't think so: no, . . . I don't think that's one of his failings. . . . Though there well might be—the fuss they made of him! . . . flattering him, fawning on him—spongers and hangers-on. They could get anything they wanted out of him, if they set about it the right way. . . . Buttering him up to his face, and then laughing, making fun of his vanity, I suppose, when his back was turned! . . . How I loathed every minute of it! . . . If there's one thing detestable on the face of God's earth, it's the English-woman in India!—the women-folk of the 'garrison,' I mean. . . . They've got every known vice—and a few extra thrown in."

She stopped abruptly, spent with the strain, exhausted with the way her thoughts had run on.

"I'll write." The old man's voice was gentle, full of emotion, vibrant with the deep sympathy that welled up in his heart. He stretched over and took her hand in his, pressing it warmly. "I'll write to-night."

"Yes, write. . . . I'd like you to write: . . . anything . . . anything! . . . but I don't think . . ."—the words choked in her throat, the sentence remained unfinished.

When she spoke again it was to go back to the original subject.

"Well, . . . I've had them to myself for six or seven years. I suppose I ought to count myself lucky. . . ."

She put some more coal on the fire and began tidying it up,

sweeping the ash from the bars of the grate and the cinders that had fallen out with a hearth-brush. She seemed to be endeavouring to get her mind away from the subject of their talk. Presently she stood up.

"I suppose we ought to have some light on the scene. The children'll be in directly."

She felt in the gloom for the matches on the mantelpiece and lighted one of the globes of the chandelier in the middle of the room. Returning to her seat she began to chatter now with a certain cheeriness.

"Arthur was here yesterday; came down in the afternoon and stayed quite late, had a bite of supper with me. He seems to be working very hard—I thought he looked fagged out."

"Yes; he's taking his Final at Christmas."

"Something he said amused the children immensely. He's a great favourite, as you know; there's always huge excitement when 'Cousin Arthur' comes. He's awfully good with them. . . . He was explaining how he had known someone or other, since they were 'about so high,' putting his hand at about the level of the table. This took their fancy immediately. They thought it a huge joke, and promptly mimicked him. To-day Maureen's been wandering about the house, saying to herself, 'about so high . . . about so high,' putting out her hand and bursting into shrieks of laughter. . . . Aren't children funny!"

Voices made themselves audible in the hall, and the door was burst noisily open.

"Oh, mummie, the mail-cart does go! Fine! I do wish we had one. I simply *raced* Boo in it all the way from Fergus's corner to the 'cacia tree without stopping! . . . Hullo, gran'father."

His manner implied it was by no means unwelcome to have an additional witness present at the moment of relating so remarkable a feat.

Maureen, in the meantime, after a quiet clinging embrace for grandfather, had sidled straight up on to her chair at the table, where Mrs. O'Malley was busy getting the things ready for tea. She was clearly deeply impressed, struck dumb in admiration, at the gallant conduct of her brother.

"You look terribly hot, dear," said his mother tenderly: "Come and sit on my knee for a moment till you get a little cooler. We'll have tea directly."

She ran her fingers gently through his hair, tidying it roughly where it had become disordered in the heat of the chase. With her other arm she held him securely, drawing his body close to her own, as he perched himself, not unwillingly, across her lap.

At tea gran'father had a new-laid egg, hard-boiled, and some brown bread-and-butter, which he seemed to enjoy with simple relish. For the children, after they also had begun with a slice or two of bread-and-butter, there was a small piece of meringue from Urquhart's, left over from yesterday, which their mother said 'needed finishing up.' The process did not take long.

Immediately the meal was over the children tumbled down from their chairs and a dive was made for the new number of *Little Folks*, which had arrived a day or two previously. Published with remarkable punctuality on the 15th of each month, anxious enquiries were instantly set on foot if it were by any chance a day late: sometimes, owing to an error in delivery, it was retrieved by the eager subscribers themselves and conveyed triumphantly home with fond care.

While the leaves were being hurriedly turned over to find the exact page in the serial—"Four on an Island," by L. T. Meade—at which mother would be required, shortly, to resume her reading aloud, grandfather made preparations for departure. But not before an interesting little ceremony, which was not entirely novel, had been performed. Assuring himself first of all that the little people were really deeply engrossed in the absorbing joys of the magazine, and not likely suddenly to jump up and become inquisitive, he stepped innocently across to where, on entering, he had put down his hat, into which at the same moment he had unostentatiously slipped the small paper bag he had been carrying, and on top of it, to act as screen from prying eyes, his gloves. Now he began fumbling cautiously in its depths, somewhat in the manner of a conjuror about to perform one of his tricks, after which he returned once more to the fireplace, planting himself astride upon the hearth-rug, with his back to the mantel-piece and his hands mysteriously behind him.

All preparations being now in order, each of the children, Maureen first; "Ladies first!" and moreover because she was the younger—was solemnly asked in turn, "Which hand will you have?"

Of course they invariably chose the wrong one, even at



a second and third and many successive attempts, proving themselves dreadful duffers at the simple sport. At last, after the high spirits and excitement had grown to such a pitch that the furniture looked like being endangered, Maureen—only, it must be confessed, by cheating just ever such a little, and peeping surreptitiously behind the broad back, following this up with lightning-like rapidity by a claim—brought off a successful *coup*. By a strange and happy coincidence her triumph was immediately followed, without further delay, by that of Gerald. A large and luscious golden-brown William pear each!

"Oh, *thank you*, gran'father!" Fervent farewell hugs were exchanged, as their gracious benefactor, eyes twinkling, face wreathed in happy laughter, now made his way towards the hall.

He paused a moment as he reached the door.

"I'll look in again to-morrow, Sheila," he said, with a fond and meaning smile as their eyes met.

By the time the due measure of reading was accomplished, it was already well past their usual bed-time. For once there were no loud-voiced protests, no anxious pleadings and entreaties to be allowed to stay up 'just five minutes more.' Both the children—Gerald especially—seemed to be thoroughly, blissfully, tired out after the various excitements of the day. It was not long before each in turn was snuggled down, the cool and soothing caress of pillow against cheek, safely tucked up for the night.

And when, at the finish, her labours concluded and every little diverse duty duly attended to, his mother at last sat down on the side of the small boy's bed for a second's rest before leaving him, "Oh, mummie," he said gratefully, a sigh of supreme comfort, of deep and rapturous and ravishing content; escaping from his lips, "*I have had a lovely day!*"

"Have you, dear? . . . I'm so glad." She bent forward and gave him a lingering kiss.

Sleepy though he was, he seemed to have something more he wanted to say. Suddenly, cocking his head on one side on the pillow, his eyes round with wonder and puzzlement, he spoke again:

"Mummie, didn't you *like* that letter I took in to you this morning?"

"Why, dear?"

"'Cos when I came in at dinner-time . . . just as I got into the room . . . I thought . . . you looked as if you'd been crying. . . . I wondered if it had anything to do with it."

"Grown-up people don't cry." Her words were not very convincing, though she did her best to smile.

"I know. . . . That's what I couldn't make out."

He did not press the enquiry further. Again she bent down and kissed him, seeking, pressing his lips eagerly, as if anxious thus to silence them from further speech.

"Little boys shouldn't think silly things," she said quickly, with a final effort at gaiety.

His eyes were closing. In another moment the long even breathing told her clearly that he was deep in slumber.

She rose noiselessly to her feet: looming large in the flickering light, her shadow bobbed along the wall. On reaching the landing, she blew out the candle and closed the door softly behind her.

Supper was already laid when she returned to the sitting-room—three-parts of a cottage-loaf, disfigured by having the brown crust cut off roughly in two places, butter, a small piece of gorgonzola cheese, together with a half-bottle of Guinness. Standing by the table, she contemplated these absently, absorbed in thought, feeling she had no further appetite for a meal.

Instead she sought once more her former place by the fire-side. Alone with her sorrow she fell to brooding again: pondering over and over, with simple child-like perplexity, the strange relentless enigma—the cruel meed of suffering the years had brought her, the mournful, all unlooked-for tragedy of her married life.

At a late hour, when at last she stirred herself to seek—vainly, . . . she feared—the sweet solace, the healing balm and benison of sleep, she found herself drawn once again, before going to her own room, to that occupied by the children. Pausing at the small boy's bed-side, she gazed hungrily down on him, as if eager to satisfy herself he were really there. In graceful repose one arm lay crooked out across the pillow, a faint happy smile lighting the sleeping features.

Suddenly slipping to her knees, with passionate tenderness she stretched out her arm protectingly across the narrow bed with its precious burden, burying her face in the coverlet and giving her pent-up feelings full rein. Convulsive sobs shook her from head to foot, her bowed shoulders quivering with anguish, her heart stricken with the storm and tumult of her grief.

# NIGHTPIECE

*By Domhnall O'Conaill*

I CANNOT rip out my heart and throw it to the crows. If I could, life would be easier. I could walk along unfeeling. My hands would touch the petals of a flower and that would be all: fingers feeling a flower. Looking at the sky there would be blue and white instead of skeleton clouds to hold the bones of the past. And everything I did would have no key to unlock my heart. But I cannot do it. Instead I fold and enclose it that its pain will flow undisturbed through me.

When I walk—but I am disturbed a moth has flown in from the darkness. The cat crazily jumps around the room. The fluttering wings are pattering in the bowl of light; the moth is free again. The cat's eyes are full of strange light and the moth is dead. I walk to the window and look over the garden.

The darkness has drawn a net around me. I am entangled in it. I try to think of something I once knew about life; but crystal springs are behind my eyes and in my chest is the lump of sorrow. Standing at the window I count the little lights that come and go along the road. And each one has a story like mine. A heart rising and falling, and comings and goings, soft rain falling somewhere where mist hung on mountains' limbs. Within me this heart that is me, the real *I* suffering and waiting. Then I turn around. This night I shall meet some part of my desire! I feel it as I felt the moth's wings in the bowl of light. Where shall I go? I cannot answer. Go I must for I feel the edge of the envelope moistened and soon it will be sealed.

Walking along, the night air hangs around my clothes. My hand tries to brush it away but doing so I feel it come to rest on a stone wall. Then it comes back again, the old pain. I thought it was dead. And that stone wall was the heart I found when I opened the door of manhood. Every heart I have found since has been the same—cold hard and firm, yielding only to a century's persuasion. In the stone are little sparkling lights,

I can feel their brightness shooting through my fingertips. And slowly I feel the meaning of something leaking through me. In my loneliness I had mistaken the sparkling crystals for the real stone, that heart I found reading poems, listening to music, riding down the lane and a dust cloud following. That was the heart I imagined: but below, deeper than the sea's cellar was the stone standing firm and solid.

Passing a house I want to go and knock on the door and wait for an answer. Then I'd go inside and watch people living. Once I knocked on the door of a house. The knock echoed through the place and came back to me and caught my heart. I went to the window and looked into the dark room and saw it was empty. I tried to laugh at my stupidity but glancing back at the window I saw my reflection in the dark glass. It was myself that lived in the empty house. Why had I been so foolish to knock at the door of my own house? I searched in my pocket for the key. Then I had to laugh for there was no need for a key. Who has a key for his own house?

But now passing this house I glance up to the windows. A man stands there blowing smoke into the night. I look at him and he looks at me. Then a woman comes beside him, she sings to me and I go to clap my hands but they are full of leaves and my legs are solid together like the trunk of a tree. I shout to them to help me to move and hear her say "The wind makes strange noises in the night." She closes the window and alone I stand in the darkness. I close my eyes. Opening them a moment later, quickly, I say "I'm sorry" to a policeman as I collide with him at a corner.

The wind is taking up the dust from the gutters. Bits of paper move around me. I grab a handful of leaves from a hedge and cast them down. Then I see the little fragments of events collected carefully and stitched together in a patchwork quilt. Afternoons of childhood when the tenement balconies were decked with patchwork quilts forming a cruel gayness. They are floating before me now. Those things are the scraps of happiness sewn together to make a quilt to hide the sorrow at nightfall. If only I could take the quilt and rip it to pieces so my sorrow would be blown away. But tonight I am to meet this great desire. It comes now. My heart watches and my eyes beat fiercely against their familiar patterns.



I am waiting. It will be here now. It is this strange dog that has followed me since I left the house. He is on the other side of the road. I look across at him. He is black and small. But his strength is tearing away the paving stones as he comes towards me. I know I have always desired him to come to me. Yet I never knew he always followed me. I stretch out my hand and call him. I cannot hear any sound. I call him again and he comes closer. I try to touch him. Then just as I go to reach him I hear another voice. I hear it again. And the dog runs in the direction from which the other voice came.

# A STRANGE HEARSE FOR A POET:

## THE TRAGEDY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS

By Coulson Kernahan

### I

STEPHEN PHILLIPS was the grand-nephew of William Wordsworth. Mr. Laurence Binyon and Sir Frank Benson were his cousins. His play *Herod* was produced by Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1900. When in 1902 *Paolo and Francesca* was produced by George Alexander at St. James's Theatre, with *Ulysses*, also produced by Tree, running simultaneously, the author was, to my knowledge, drawing something like £150 a week in royalties; and critic after critic hailed his work as comparable to that of Sophocles, Dante, and Milton. Thus, Sir Sidney Colvin wrote of "the exquisite and perfect beauty, the amazing power" of *Paolo and Francesca*, and added: "Only when thus greatly done should a poet dare to follow where Dante has preceded him." Professor W. L. Courtney, editor of the *Fortnightly*, wrote, "We possess in Mr. Stephen Phillips one who redeems our age from from its comparative barrenness in the higher realms of poetry—one from whom we have the right to expect hereafter some of the great things which will endure." William Archer's opinion was that Phillips was "speaking with the voice of Milton." Sir Max Beerbohm declared: "His drama is so fiery-coloured, so intense, the characters are so largely-projected, the action so relentlessly progresses till the final drops of awe are wrung from us, that only the greatest of dramatic poets could accompany with verse quite worthy of it." Owen Seaman wrote: "We are justified in speaking of Mr. Phillips's achievement as something without parallel in our age," and the opinion of *Blackwood's Magazine* was: "In this case the genius is no illusion. There are passages here which move with the footfall of the immortals." Yet when the dramatist who, at one time was drawing, as I have said, something like £150 a week in royalties, died, his own words to me that day were, "All I have to go on

with is five pounds, and where the next five pounds are coming from God only knows."

Were Colvin, Courtney, Archer, Sir Max Beerbohm, Owen Seaman and *Blackwood's Magazine* all hopelessly wrong, or was Colvin right when, in *Ward's English Poets* (Volume V), he wrote in the article on Phillips: "The critical pendulum had for some years before his death swung sharply from the side of over-praise to that of over-neglect. It will some day recover its equilibrium, and Phillips will then be recognised as having belonged . . . to the great lineage and high traditions of English poetry."

Whether that prediction will be verified, time will show, but I notice that no less distinguished an author and critic than Mr. Clifford Bax contributed (and as recently as July 14, 1939) an article on "Books I cannot forget" to *John O' London's Weekly*, in which he said of *Paolo and Francesca* :—

"Here, at last, we had found a dramatist who could thrill a theatre by the splendour of his verse. There is magnificent dramatic poetry also in *Herod*, and some even in *Ulysses*. Phillips was the only poet-dramatist of fine quality whom we have had since Otway."

Meanwhile, that such eminent critics as those whose verdict has been quoted here should write of Phillips's work as comparable to that of Sophocles, Dante, and Milton, seems to me—remembering that, to-day, his work is held to be no more than "alms to oblivion," and that his name, if mentioned at all, is mentioned only "to pour forgetfulness upon the dead"—to afford something like a Curiosity in Criticism. In any case, I venture the opinion that such a passage as the following from *Marpessa* will, in years to come, be found in anthologies of memorable love-poetry :—

I love thee, then,

Not only for thy body packed with sweet  
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,  
That jar of violet wine set in the air,  
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;  
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged  
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair ;  
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke  
Invasion of old cities ; no, nor all  
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.

Not for this only do I love thee, but  
 Because Infinity upon thee broods ;  
 And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.  
 Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
 So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell ;  
 Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
 What the still night suggesteth to the heart.  
 Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
 Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;  
 Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
 It has been died for, though I know not when,  
 It has been sung of, though I know not where.  
 It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
 And of sad sea-horizons ; beside thee  
 I am aware of other times and lands,  
 Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.

Does the reader wonder—I do not—that, writing (April 24, 1938) in Mr. Garvin's newspaper *The Observer*, "Pendennis" said of Stephen Phillips :—

"It is doubtful whether any poet has received such tumultuous salutation as greeted his early work, *Marpessa*, *Christ in Hades*, and later *Paolo and Francesca*. There was hardly a name in the shining catalogue of verse that was not borrowed to do him honour. His heroic verse matched Dryden's, his blank verse restored the Elizabethan. His Majesty's Theatre roared and thundered as Beerbohm Tree agonised as Herod on his lonely throne. And then a change in taste added to a cessation of inspiration—and gradual silence. But the silence is not everlasting. It is certain that much of his work cannot live, but it is no less clear that *Marpessa*, at any rate, cannot die."

Another poem which is likely to be included in anthologies is *The Revealed Madonna* :—

As I stood in the tavern-reek, amid oaths and curses,  
 Mid husbands entreated and drugged,  
 Amid mothers poisoned and still of the poison sipping,  
 Here, harboured from storms of home ;  
 For a moment the evil glare on a woman falling  
 Disclosed her with babe at her breast ;



An instant she downward gazed on the babe that slumbered,  
 And holy the tavern grew,  
 For she gazed with the brooding look of the Mother of Jesus,  
 On her lips the divine half-smile ;  
 An instant she smiled ; then the tavern reeled back hell-ward,  
 And I heard but the oath and the curse.

A critic who otherwise had nothing but admiration for Phillips's plays and poems, remarked that they were "without humour." That is no doubt true of much of the work of a "Teller of sorrowful, proud histories," as T. W. H. Crosland called him in the truest word that has been said of Stephen Phillips :—

Now you are dead, and past the bitter fret,  
 And the long doubt and the disputed throne,  
 And the contempt which turns the heart to stone—  
 Who that hath wit shall breathe you a regret ?  
 Who that hath tears shall pay you pity's debt ?  
 Unto your place of easing you are gone,  
 Having fetched for us Beauty from her own  
 Lodges of gold by silver orchards set.

O mortal man that looked in angels' eyes,  
 And still of baseness took both rood and reed,  
 Griever who wed bright visions to sweet sounds,  
 Teller of sorrowful, proud histories ;  
 We put our silly fingers in your wounds,  
 And it is well that they no longer bleed.

One agrees with the critic who said that such "sorrowful, proud histories" as the tragedy of Paolo and Francesca are "without humour"—they are not the place for it—but when that critic, who could not have known Phillips personally, inferred that the poet was himself without humour, he was sadly mistaken. Phillips's sense of humour was not only remarkable, but was—I had almost written "his salvation," but will say instead "his saving grace," not only under success which, coming early in life, might have turned the head of one with less sense of humour, and so with less sense of proportion, but also under adversity, crushing and complete. When this adversity befell him, he not only bore it with courage, but made a jest of it, and

blamed no one except himself, and an unhappy tendency—it may or may not have been inherited—of which, later on, I shall have something to say. But as, in the obituary notice which appeared in a leading newspaper, he was described as “having sunk so low as to sponge upon friends or acquaintances for the price of a drink,” and as I happened to know the writer of the obituary notice, and traced to its source the charge of sponging for a drink—I am compelled to admit that Phillips had only himself to thank for being so described. The late Frederick Locker (afterwards Locker-Lampson) told me that Thackeray said to him, “Ours may be the small beer of poetry, but at least it is the right tap.” Phillips’s sense of humour was of the “right tap” and refined, but I cannot say the same about his liking for play-acting.

Of himself, Kipling wrote (he tells us)

In jesting guise—but ye are wise  
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Not all with whom Stephen Phillips jested were “wise,” nor was his jesting always of “worth.” Beginning life as an actor, he delighted in play-acting, and to the end. I chanced to hear that the late Harry Furniss had, at the Garrick Club, and in the presence of the man who later wrote the obituary notice already mentioned, said that Stephen Phillips, the dramatist, had “sunk so low as in the streets of Hastings to sponge upon anyone for the price of a drink,” and I took my old friend Furniss to task for so saying.

Always hot-tempered, he defended himself almost angrily.

“But it’s true,” he protested. “Last Saturday, early in the morning too, he came behind me in Robertson Street and, laying a hand on my shoulder, said—

‘Furniss, lend me a shilling. I shall go mad’ (“and he looked it,” Furniss interpolated) ‘if I don’t get a drink. I’ll pay you back faithfully, I swear I will’ (“which he wouldn’t,” was Furniss’s comment), ‘but for God’s sake don’t refuse to lend me the price of a drink.’”

“My dear Furniss,” I replied, “Phillips was as sane and as sober as you are now, when you saw him last Saturday morning for I saw him just after he had left you, and he was still chuckling over the way he had pulled your leg. He had no need, just then, to borrow from anyone, for I was sitting smoking and chatting with him the night before when the postman arrived with a remit-

tance from Galloway Kyle in payment for Phillips's work as editor of the *Poetry Review*. I have never known him to sponge upon or to cadge from anyone—he is too proud a man to do so, and is meticulously honourable about money. Old and intimate friends as he and I are, he doesn't owe me a penny. When I have pressed a loan upon him in some emergency, he has invariably and unasked paid me back in full. His posing to you as a penniless poet who would pawn his very soul for the price of a drink was all play-acting."

"Humph!" said Furniss, "I call it silly fool-acting," and I agreed with him.

Here is another instance. Soon after making his home in Hastings, Stephen had to undergo an operation, and being in great pain a small dose of morphia was administered by the doctor. After Stephen had recovered, his doctor met him in the street and extending a hand, said, "Glad to see you are able to get about again, Mr. Phillips."

Dashing the extended hand aside, his eyes blazing like those of a madman, Phillips made believe to recoil as one recoils from an adder, and exclaiming, "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! You have ruined me, body and soul, curse you!"

"I... ruined you... body and soul... What in God's name do you mean?" gasped the mystified, almost stupefied doctor.

"What do I mean?" Phillips snarled. "Why, morphia. You introduced me to it, you led me to form the habit, and now I cannot live without it. Morphia, I must have morphia, even if it kill me!" and Phillips rushed away like a man possessed, yet all the time his supposed victimisation to the morphia habit was nothing more than play-acting, but as convincing acting as if he had actually become a morphia addict.

## II

That Stephen Phillips, the man, gave no cause for sorrow and concern to those who loved him I do not pretend, nor would he have wished me to do so. No one could more frankly acknowledge his weaknesses (and worse than weaknesses) than he, or suffer keener remorse concerning them. It is true that in circumstances so tragically unhappy that stronger willed men might have succumbed, he sought forgetfulness in alcohol. But what was

not known at the time, and is not known now, is that he came into life handicapped, as I believe, by pre-natal influences. Not for a moment must I be understood as meaning that his beloved and beautiful mother, from whom he inherited a poet's temperament, if not a poet's gift of expression, was in any sense of the words whatever a drug addict. What happened was that, to ease pain and to induce sleep during pregnancy, drugs were under medical advice administered, and, as has happened in other cases, she came, some months before Stephen was born, very much to depend upon them. I recall that he asked me one day, and anxiously, for he was just then making strenuous efforts to go, as he called it, "on the water wagon":—

"Do you think that an acquired, as distinct from a congenital craving, can be inherited?"

"Opinions seem to differ," I replied, for I knew what was in his mind, and feared that to say "Yes" might afford an excuse to one who was already by temperament a fatalist to say: "It had to be. What's the use of fighting against what is born in one? Why not give in?" In such a case as his I am persuaded that craving to dull pain, or to dull painful memories, by a mother during pregnancy, may, if not passed on directly to her child, at least weaken that child's will in resisting similar cravings.

Drugs Stephen never touched, and I can truly say that not once in our long and intimate friendship did my wife or I see him the worse for drink, perhaps because, his weakness notwithstanding, he had too much self-respect and too much respect for my wife to allow anything of the sort to occur for us to witness. There was another reason. Whether in my wife's and my company, or only in mine, our invariable rule was not entirely to cut off alcohol (in which case he might when alone tell himself, as is said in Sussex, "Aw wunt be druv," and take more than was good for him), but to place only French or German wines, of selected vintage, but "light" in body, upon the table. His last Christmas Day on earth he spent with us, and I recall that Mr. A. Leo Kennedy, whose father, Sir John Kennedy, had taken "Holmhurst" (already known to me when Augustus Hare was living there), St. Leonard's, was our only other guest at dinner that Christmas night. Mr. Kennedy, whose books, *Britain Faces Germany* in particular, have been most favourably reviewed, will,



I am sure, confirm my statement that Phillips enjoyed the comparatively light wine provided, expressed no wish for anything stronger, and was perfectly sober at the end of the evening.

Whether we were wise, or unwise, in allowing wine on the table at all, is not for me to say, but I may at least record what happened when the opposite course was taken. As desperately as a drowning man struggles for life, so Phillips at times as desperately struggled to overcome his craving for alcohol, and for days together did not touch so much as a glass of beer—only again to lapse, and, as the drowning man throws up his hands, and ceases to struggle, so the poet fell back, hopeless and even despairing, into his old ways. It was at such a time that a friend and well-wisher urged him to undergo a certain "course" which, so the advertisement stated, induced such a dislike, even loathing, for alcohol in every form that an effectual and permanent cure for the drink habit resulted. I knew nothing then, and know nothing now, of the "course" in question, which in the case of other persons undergoing it may achieve all that is claimed. But in nervous organisation Phillips was not only unusual but abnormal and I expressed my doubt both on the success in his case of the course and of the wisdom of his taking it. As I feared, it was not a success. On the contrary, it ended in one of the worse "break outs" of his life, and with a disastrous sequel. He was in such a state of nervous collapse that he became the victim of a delusion, namely that the police were watching for an opportunity to arrest him on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. Drunk, in that sense of the word, I never knew him to be, still less disorderly; and so far from the police watching him, we had the astonished assurance of the Chief Constable, my friend Mr. James, that never at any time had Phillips been under police observation. The belief that he was being "watched" was, as I have said, the delusion of an abnormally-imaginative and abnormally-excited brain. But to him it was so real, so obsessed and so possessed him that, in order as he thought to escape arrest, he stole away early in the morning and took the first train to Deal, where not long after he died.

To those who know only of Stephen Phillips's sins, but do not know how desperately he fought to overcome all that was weak and unworthy in him—all that never was and never could be his true self—I commend the words of another unhappy and

tragic poet, Heine: "We are entitled to honourable mention after death not only for that which we have successfully striven to do, but *also for our striving itself, the great-souled but shipwrecked Will to do.*"

## III

In his article on Phillips in *Ward's English Poets* (Volume 5) the late Sir Sidney Colvin states that the poet died at Hastings. That is not so. He died, as just stated, at Deal, on December 9, 1915. The mistake is probably due to the fact that when I was in the Colvin home, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, Lady Colvin (to whom, when she was Mrs. Sitwell, R. L. Stevenson addressed many of his most interesting letters) asked me whether I saw much of Stephen Phillips, whose work she greatly admired. I replied that as he and I both lived at Hastings we were frequently together, and Colvin, who was present, assumed, or so I suppose, that the poet was there when he died.

My wife and I knew Stephen, who stayed with us sometimes in our own home, in the days when his name was almost unknown, and we knew him in the days when he was fêted and flattered, and had money "to burn." We knew him too in the days when he was sometimes too poor to afford coal to burn, and lived in two mean rooms in a back street of Hastings, at the rent of a few shillings a week. So, not to leave longer than was necessary the body of so old and dear a friend in the cheap apartment house at Deal in which he died, and where lodgers were passing in and out, possibly joking and chatting, I arranged that the coffin be brought to Hastings by train. Here I ought to interpolate that his father, Canon Phillips, Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, telegraphed that he was too ill and too broken to come South, and would I, as his beloved son's closest friend, make the necessary arrangements for the funeral. This was when in Hastings, as elsewhere during the war there was no little dislocation of traffic, for the train arrived long after the scheduled time, nearing midnight in fact. War claims had to come first, and so great was the shortage of motor and horse vehicles that I was told no conveyance could at that hour be had. In the opinion of the station-master whom I consulted, the only course to take was to leave the coffin in the luggage room till morning, to which I could not consent. Then I remembered that when returning from London

late one night, not long before, I had noticed beyond the precincts of the station, a solitary outside luggage porter with a hand truck. He was waiting there, no doubt, in the hope of earning an extra shilling by conveying the luggage of some last-train passenger to its destination. To my relief, he was on the same spot, and when I told him for what purpose I needed his help, he replied that he was at my service. Thereafter, when I chanced to meet that oldish luggage porter—and gentleman—I raised my hat to him, for as he turned the corner into the station and found himself suddenly in the presence of the coffin, he instantly uncovered and stood reverently with bowed head beside it. He knew Phillips, so it seemed, by sight, and had heard that the shabbily-clad tenant of two rooms in a Hastings back street bore a name that had once been famous. Another tragic poet, known personally to me, Oscar Wilde, was deeply moved when, handcuffed and a prisoner between two warders, a passer-by who recognised Wilde gravely raised his hat to him. I was scarcely less touched by that act of reverence and homage to my dead poet-friend (whom the public and his peers in poetry had so utterly forgotten) by a luggage porter at a railway station.

Earlier in the day I had seen the Rev. H. C. B. Foyster, and had asked that the body of Wordsworth's grand-nephew, Stephen Phillips, poet, might until the morning of the funeral, rest in the Church of St. Clement, where another poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was married, and of which my friend Foyster was rector. He, too, has gone to his rest, but I gratefully record that he not only readily consented, but added that the Church should remain open until the arrival of the coffin, and that he would himself conduct the funeral service.

After we had reverently placed the coffin on the truck, the luggage porter and I, each taking one of the handles, set out in silence on our journey. Leaving the station and passing into Havelock Road, a policeman halted us for enquiries, but as I happened to be known to him (as a young fellow he had been a private in the company which I had the honour to command in the Territorial Arm of the Royal Sussex Regiment) he was satisfied by our explanation, though he remarked: "It's a pity, sir, you couldn't have got a covering of some sort for a coffin. Sorry to have stopped you, but with a war on, and at this hour of the night, I had to make sure that all was right."

" You have done rightly, officer," I replied. " If there had been time or an opportunity to do so, I should have bought or have borrowed the flag of his country with which to drape the coffin, for it holds the body of an Englishman who loved England and grieved that he was too old, nearly fifty, and too ill, to serve in her defence." (At the funeral the Union Jack covered the coffin).

Bidding the officer good-night, we continued our way, past the Memorial, along Castle Street, George Street and High Street to the church.

The streets—lest in Sir William Watson's words an enemy aircraft " Poured death from whence the lark pours bliss "—were darkened and almost deserted. But such late stragglers as were still abroad, stared curiously at us as we went by. As a long time resident in Hastings, I was known, by sight at least, to some of them, and they wondered to see a luggage porter and myself, who in wartime and in mid-winter were, bare-headed, wheeling after midnight an uncovered coffin to some destination.

I, in my turn, wondered whether the body of a poet whose work was at one time hailed with such extravagant praise, was ever before and in such strange circumstances borne to the church whence it was to pass to its last resting place.



## AEON AND MAN

THE earliest examples we know of human pictorial expression are, even today, astonishing. The finest are drawn on cavern walls with quite extraordinary artistic power. They have taught our draughtsmen of today a good deal about observation and expression, for both in vision and technique they are masterly. Yet beyond their vision and virtuosity there lies something mysterious. The Altamira drawings reveal the problem characteristic of their type most plainly. As they are set in the oddest surrounding imaginable, from our standpoint; question becomes inevitable.

Not only are these astonishing drawings done in coloured earths upon the rough rock wall of a cave, but they are so far underground that there is a quick wonder aroused about the means they served, and the end towards which they were designed. What lighting was used to make and to view them; and on what occasions? Who looked at them and why? The artist's object does not seem to have been just decoration, there is no order observable among the drawings, they seem to be thrown upon the wall casually, here and there.

However, archaeologists and anthropologists seem in the main to agree that they were set up there for a religious—or even more simply—a magic-working purpose. Even to our sophisticated eyes and to the judgment of our own time they give expression to a power which can be called, in any terms, quite magical. There is the completest mastery of animal draughtsmanship. And very generally, amongst the early drawings and gravings there is surprising observation and expression; the artistic accomplishment is curiously mature, the drawing at times superb.

Indeed, among the earliest artists all is admirable so long as the figures depicted are simply animal, the brute beasts only seem to lie within their powers. Very rarely is the human figure delineated and when, occasionally, it is found seems to be done in a fumbling, cursory, tentative fashion. Generally in fact,

they did not do a drawing (or portrayal) of a man in the same sense as they did of the brute beasts. Something more abstract, diagrammatic, indicative, not too like, is set down. There's a strange unreality in them, queer indeed, when all the animal drawings show such a cumulative knowledge and sure observation of every characteristic trait.

What then is it that's wrong? Why, no doubt but that the man was afraid of his semblable; afraid of something in the resemblance, of the likeness, the reflection of being, of a being just like himself. There was terror in his awareness of self; in the conscious spirit of man. In fact, man was not yet master of himself: fear went with growing powers. No doubt at all, he feared the magic force that he felt flow through his hands.

Long indeed humanity continued to fear the magical creative power of art. The ability to depict was regarded as a dark and a dangerous gift: perhaps it was. Even to our own times survivals exist of spellcasting through the powers of wax mannikins and other magical images and likenesses. Moreover to the child who has made a drawing of a man in straight, arbitrary lines, additions or changes to give reality to the figure add a touch of fright. That I found for myself on an occasion when I vainly endeavoured to entertain and amuse by adding realism to a child's drawing chalked large on the nursery floor. The lines I put in to give life and liveliness to the figure brought tears of alarmed and shuddering dislike of the monster that I'd created. And I was reminded out of my own memories of certain figures that I had imaginatively imaged on the curtains of the dark before me as I lay abed, a child awaiting sleep. Begun for my own amusement in loneliness they took on a life and movement that became more and more their own and from a first obedience turned ugly, with grimace, threat and such mind torments. There was too much life in them and I needed a spell to cast them out—a magical invocation.

Some strain of the same primitive doubt lies behind the Semitic religious prohibition of portraiture, in which all delineation of animal nature is comprehended. The faculty of setting down a likeness seems to the folk of simpler forms of faith to be a terrifying power. Often they resent having a likeness taken,

for, to them, their own life or soul is held in threat by the possessor of its simulacra. Probably all that sort of notion belongs to the curious phase of mental darkness out of which mankind came ultimately to a sense of domination and overmastering will. Very slowly did man discover his powers of thought and they grew with the gradual clarification of his self consciousness. Painstakingly he had discovered and ordered the faculty of imagination in the tremendous and unending flood of images which swept across his inner vision. So he came to be conscious of two worlds, an inner and an outer one, though ever and again he failed to distinguish one from t'other.

Yet out of that flood of phantasmal shapes within were selected, ultimately, the sharp and concrete images typical of the world of natural forces, the primal figures of physical power and energy. They were the divine forms stamped upon life manifest, the grand symbols that have endured through history. Everywhere in that ancient world which bequeathed to us the roots of our culture they were still notable. The shapes of Bull, Lion and Serpent are written even yet across the stars.

Perhaps almost equally important were Horse, Fish and Goat. All these were divine shapes taken on by the greatest gods. Figures of unending vitality, they were, and are, persistent and significant in ornament and their forms have filled the sky of constellations. Those shapes endured too, in Egyptian and other religious practices as masks to wear in the sacred mysteries and secret rituals of worship. For all these were the original masters of power in the world according to early man's slow-growing creative vision. His first gods were animal in form.

As he beheld them, their powers were real, a hierarchy of vitality perfect in adaptation to the world about and around them. And in considering himself, man was diffident; he knew his weakness in lonely wildwood and wilderness. Only in gregarious groups could man prevail over the wild. Physically he was poorly fitted to survive and for long and long he was uncertain of his mind. Awkwardness and dubeity went with the growth of conscious powers of reflection. While the upsurge out of instinctive into rational consciousness was in progress, man's thought was heavily clouded by phantasy.

But at the last man began to see the world as it was mirrored in his thought and to know what that reflection really meant. As his consciousness grew he came to knowledge of power in his will ; and the embarrassment of selfconsciousness lost force. For when thought began to be fully alive in him he felt another being within, a master force, creative in power. So came a tremendous self-glorification out of the grand creative dawn of imagination. In that fiery illumination he saw deity within himself.

He saw himself among the divine creatures, the great cosmic beasts, and was one of them and their master, for he had sought and he found within himself the measure of all things. Through his newfound power of thought—through the new-manifest man within—he discovered the secret of Time. Time was made of thought : both were allied and equivalent, swift and slow in unison. So that first man, he saw clearly, was Eternal, the Divine Æon and Time was but a part of his thought.

What he found so plainly within his mind, as the fine flower of the flame of imagination, was the concept of the primal man—the Perfect Man. And he was a god too, the first being of all natures. Confounding the mirror of vision with ultimate actuality, man saw his embodied thought as divinity. The figure in the imagination triumphantly reaching out towards form and perfection became God or, at least, the first manifestation of deity. The mirrored image assumed a sacred reality.

This power of human reflection, of yea and nay, positive and negative, doubt and assertion had manifested its danger early. Through the force of imaginative abstraction, as man's will developed so the symbol assumed greater dominance. And essentially like the symbol—the coin or medal broken into halves to declare a mutual understanding—part alone was known, until they were rejoined, each part alone was incomplete : so of the Æon itself, a half only was revealed, the other remained hidden. That hidden part was female, for the Æon was twi-sexed, hermaphrodite, containing the whole mystery of the symbol within itself as the Æonal Divine Man, and Time Unending and the manifest Creative Light. All human comprehension of the origins of thought came to be enfolded in that image.



The nature of man's mind showed itself there in the visible, in the light, Conscious; the dark Unconscious, beyond unseen. The positive and male was known, but the negative and female hidden.

There has, evermore, been a curious fascination about the original protoplasmic being, the Adam Kadmon who was called to be twi-sexed. And, as Plato in his myth about the double-sexed first humans told, there was a time when division came about. Then, as in the book of Genesis, was the occasion of the coming of greater discords and dangers and duplicity in the world. The double powers of good and evil were dominant in all humanity. Yet somehow, it seemed to be held obscurely that they might be brought to a reconciliation through the mystical perfecting of the Divine Marriage. Nevertheless a sense of some primal terror lay beyond, vaguely expressed in the enduring belief of primitive peoples that the woman bears all about her, an elemental force which readily occasions harms and troubles unless held in bound by rite and rule.

Thus a strange Janus figure confronts us out of that far image of the mystery of man's duple nature. The monuments that we know reveal its male side only, the female has been hidden evermore. There is fear behind and beyond, and the terror of the dark and the dread of woman's fascination. We can find some hint and more, of all that, in the strange figure of Medusa the Gorgon. In that curious figure of tradition is well described the female quality of beauty and terror, consummately expressed in the snake encircled mask smiling with a petrifying loveliness and monstrous horror combined. The Gorgon mask in Perseus' hand with its hundred Hydra-like heads hissing he could endure to see only in the mirror of his bright shield.

Star figure and myth start a curious train of significances to mind. Something there is that hints at explanation going to the roots and beginnings of time and over beyond it in the figures of bright stars set out as hieroglyphs, spark-litten symbols written in the celestial book of wisdom which rolls eternally round our little earth. Those two spheres of correspondent worlds portrayed in man's imagination.

Embracing both knowledge and imagination, mind enfolded

both in the glyph of the human body. There all knowledge declared itself : all expression, wisdom, proportion and beauty had gone to the countless generations of its making. Ultimately it declared itself in the ideal figure which sprang into being among the bestial masks of the initiatory chorus. Centre and hierophant, dancing in the new triumph of life, in the ballet primordial of the upspringing of will and conscious conscience was the figure of man with the face of man unmasked, bright, visible and shining. That was the divine progenitor of life who, with dancing chorus was lifted up into the heavens to circle with the choral stars divinised as human powers, of understanding clutched at the chain of time and held fast to its eternal circle.

And the new *Æon* renews itself out of the years. That, they say, comes about at the change of the sun's spring sign in the Zodia every two thousand years or so. We approach another such change today. The sun no longer burns up the stars of the Lamb as it rises between the two Fishes at the Equinoctial dawn. Our *Æon* approaches its end with vital powers transmuting themselves gradually towards the new birth. Now is it maybe, the time appointed to dream out and write down a new revelation, for manifestly the Apocalyptic spirit looms athwart our skies.

# NOTES ON THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF W. B. YEATS

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I.—NOTES ON, AND SUPPLEMENTAL TO, THE EXISTING  
BIBLIOGRAPHIES BY MR. ALLAN WADE AND MR. A. J. A. SYMONS,  
1886-1922.

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MOSADA. 1886.

Symons records that the edition almost certainly consisted of 100 copies, but before I saw this I had always been under the impression that the edition was one of fifty copies. It is, at any rate, a very rare book. In the last fifteen years B.A.R. records only four copies, all within two years (1933-5), of which three were presentation copies, and of these three two of the entries were clearly the same copy, which fetched £27 10s. in 1933 and £19 in 1935. Then there were two copies in John Quinn's sale, one of which was a presentation copy, and the other a review copy. Katharine Tynan mentions the possession of a copy in *Twenty-five Years*, which may have been any of the above copies. I must confess to never having seen it myself, though I once only just missed it; but if 100 copies had been printed I would expect rather more copies to turn up than actually have turned up, especially in Dublin.

[Since this was set up, I have been informed by Miss E. C. Yeats that the edition was 100].

THE WANDERINGS OF OISIN. 1889.

There is a binding variant of this, recorded by Mr. W. M. Roth, in which "The" on the spine is more widely spaced, and the publisher's monogram on back cover is omitted.

In 1892 Fisher Unwin published a second issue consisting of the original sheets with a cancel title and a frontispiece by Edwin John Ellis. The Title is:—THE/WANDERINGS OF OISIN/DRAMATIC SKETCHES/BALLADS/&/LYRICS/BY W. B. YEATS/T. FISHER UNWIN PATERNOSTER SQUARE/LONDON E.C. MDCCCXCII. (small gargoyle ornament). Bound in green paper boards, parchment back, t.e.g., others trimmed. Spine blocked in gilt, publisher's device in black on front cover. This issue is scarcer than the original, and I have seen a statement somewhere that 100 copies were so done.

THE CELTIC TWILIGHT. 1893.

Symons mentions two bindings of this and conjectures that the issue with the publisher's name entirely in capitals on the spine is the earlier. I think that this is correct. I have a copy of the other issue, with the publisher's name in capitals and lower case, and I purchased it in 1903, in new and unopened condition, as

a remainder. Symons does not record the very much enlarged edition of this published by Bullen in 1902, of which Mr. Wade gives a full collation. Eighteen sketches or essays are added and one omitted.

#### POEMS. 1895.

At the end of Wade's bibliography there is a section dealing with the American editions, compiled by Mr. John Quinn. It is stated that, in regard to this book, "copies of the English edition were imported by Copeland and Day of Boston, whose name appears on the titlepage and binding of all copies." This is not so. I have seen two copies of the American book and they were identical, the only difference from the London edition being the addition of Copeland & Day *on the spine only*, not on the title. At the bottom of the spine, instead of "T. Fisher/Unwin" appears "T. Fisher Unwin/Copeland & Day."

#### THE TABLES OF THE LAW. 1897.

In the John Quinn Sale a copy of this book was catalogued with an inscription by Mr. Yeats dated October, 1901, stating that the Latin in the book was by Lionel Johnson.

#### THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS. 1899.

The John Quinn Sale records two copies of this book, the second having an errata slip which is stated not to have been issued with the first copies. One of these copies had a manuscript note in the author's hand as follows: "Elkin Mathews without consulting me printed 'editions' 1 and 2 together and then to my great joy sent out some copies of the 'second edition' first. He was not found out, however, but had a bad moment when he found out what he had done. March, 1904." If the author's recollection is accurate, the "second edition" of this book, or some copies of it, was distributed before the first edition.

#### IS THE ORDER OF R.R. & A.C. TO REMAIN A MAGICAL ORDER. 1901.

Recorded in the John Quinn Catalogue as a privately printed brochure, written by Yeats in March, 1901, on the occasion of a split in the Society in question. No other copy has ever been recorded. Also recorded by Roth, 30 pp., brown wrapper.

#### A POSTSCRIPT TO "IS THE ORDER . . ."

Also recorded by Roth as written in May 1901, 7 pp., brown wrappers, privately printed.



## AODH TO DECTORA. 1901.

Words by W. B. Yeats, music by Thomas F. Dunhill. Quarto. Brown wrappers, white label printed in red on front. Published *At the Sign of the Unicorn* 1901. This is the beautiful lyric *Half Close Your Eyelids*, printed in *The Dome* for May, 1898, and reprinted in *The Wind Among the Reeds*.

Not recorded in Symons.

## WHERE THERE IS NOTHING. 1902.

Symons states that, of the first privately printed edition of this book, John Lane Company, New York, 1902, ten copies only were done for copyright purposes. Mr. John Quinn states (Wade, Biblio.) that the number was fifteen. The book itself, of which I have a copy, gives no indication. It, and the second privately printed edition of thirty copies printed for Mr. Quinn, both have a dedication to Lady Gregory, dated September 19th, 1902, so that the publication was probably not earlier than October, 1902. The first publication on this side was as a four page detached folio supplement to the *United Irishman* of November 1st, 1902, not mentioned by either Wade or Symons.

## SELECTED POEMS. 1904.

Published in New York by the MacMillan Company, and recorded by Roth, who also notes reprints, with additions, in 1919 and 1921. The Quinn sale catalogue records the 1921 edition as "First American Edition." It did not contain either the 1904 or the 1919 editions.

## DEIRDRE. 1907.

Mr. Symons prints this as *Deidre*, which I take to be a printer's error.

Later copies of this book have a four page leaflet of corrections inserted, reprinted from *Sanhain* of 1908.

## COLLECTED WORKS. 8 VOLS. 1908.

There were four issues of this, namely (1) The Shakespeare Head press issue, with vellum back; (2) the precisely similar issue, with Chapman & Hall's name added at bottom of title page and substituted for the Shakespeare Head Press at bottom of spine; (3) the Shakespeare Head Press remainder issue in boards and buckram or linen spine, and (4) an issue in dark green buckram published by Maunsell. Of these No. (1) is certainly the first issue and No. (3) the last. No. (4) kept pace with No. (1), and may have been a few days behind as the volumes were published. I do not know where No. (2) comes in, but I assume that it was later than (1) and (3).

Symons does not record this book at all.

## POETICAL WORKS. 2 VOLS. NEW YORK. 1906/7.

This, which appears in John Quinn's American list at the end of Wade, is the first complete collected edition of Mr. Yeats' poetry, Vol. I having the lyrics and Vol. II the dramas. Each Vol. has a short preface by Mr. Yeats, and Vol. II has an appendix "The Work of the National Theatre Society at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin: A Statement of Principles" which has minor differences from Sections III, IV and V of *Literature and the Living Voice* (Samhain, 1906), and is probably the original form of these sections. These volumes bear the imprint on the title of Macmillan, London, as well as the New York MacMillan, but I do not think they were ever circulated on this side.

## POEMS: SECOND SERIES. 1909.

Contains *The Wind Among the Reeds*, *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, *Baile and Ailiun*, *In the Seven Woods*, *The Musicians' Songs from Deirdre*, and *The Shadowy Waters* (Second Version). Published by Bullen. Issued in two states, (a) blue cloth, uniform with *Poems*, 1899-1905, and (b) boards, linen back, paper label. All edges untrimmed in either case. I have no evidence of priority, but think (a) the earlier.

Symons does not record this.

## PLAYS FOR AN IRISH THEATRE. BULLEN. 1911.

Contains *Deirdre*, *The Green Helmet*, *On Baile's Strand*, *The King's Threshold*, *The Shadowy Waters* (second version, and acting version), *The Hour-Glass*, and *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*. Four illustrations by Gordon Craig, and ten-page preface by Mr. Yeats.

Symons does not record this book.

## THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE. NEW YORK. 1912.

Symons does not record the London reprint of 1919, which is not quite the same. There are different prefaces, and the 1912 edition has an essay, *Lady Gregory's Translations*, compounded from the prefaces to her *Finn* and *Cuchulain* books, for which the preface to *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* is substituted in the 1919 edition.

STORIES OF RED HANRAHAN. THE SECRET ROSE. ROSA ALCHEMICA.  
BULLEN, 1913. NEW YORK, 1914.

Symons does not record either of these editions. Forrest Reid states that the 1914 edition "contains the revised text of *The Secret Rose* and is published only in America," but this is an error.

Both these editions contain the Kiltartan re-writing of the *Hanrahan* stories (from the Dun Emer Press edition of 1904). They both contain a revised text

of the *Secret Rose* stories. The revision is very slight and nominal, consisting of the substitution of real names of places for imaginary ones. But the revisions do not agree in all cases. For instance, in the story *The Curse of the Fires and the Shadows* the 1897 text is, in the first sentence, "the door of the Abbey of the White Friars which stood by the Shelly River." The Collected Edition of 1908 has "which stood over the Gara Lough at Sligo," and so has the 1913 edition. The 1914 edition has "the door of the Abbey of the White Friars at Sligo."

A SELECTION FROM THE POETRY OF W. B. YEATS.  
LEIPZIG. 1913.

A Tauchnitz volume, of 272 pp., with a two-page preface by Mr. Yeats, disclosing that the selection was made by himself. Not recorded by Symons.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCOURAGEMENT, 1913.

50 copies of this were printed, not 100 as recorded by Symons.

NINE POEMS.

Chosen from the works of William Butler Yeats. New York, 1914. Recorded in the John Quinn catalogue, as privately printed for John Quinn and his friends, a copy given to each of the guests at a dinner given by Mr. Quinn in honour of Mr. Yeats in June, 1914, at Delmonico's. 25 copies printed.

RESPONSIBILITIES. 1914.

The Cuala Press Edition. Symons does not record the MacMillan edition of 1916, which contains, in addition, poems from *The Green Helmet*, and other poems of the years 1909-1912, and also the 1912 version of the *Hour Glass*—presumably the version privately printed in 1914, and first published in this book.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. 1917.

The Cuala Press Edition. Symons does not record the MacMillan edition of 1918, which omits the play *At the Hawks' Well*, but has seventeen new poems.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE. A Biographical Study. By Frank MacDermot. Macmillan. 15s.

Mr. MacDermot in this book aimed at an "objective" and "judicial" life of Tone. It may be said at once that he has studied the period through all the known sources, manuscript and printed, and that he has discovered some new material. But the book is neither objective nor judicial, and it entirely fails to show Tone as the great Irishman that he was. At the end, in summing up Tone's life, he does write warmly about him, nothing like so warmly as his deserts, but even that does not square with the rest of the book.

It seems to me that the book was written in irritation, and certainly Mr. MacDermot has been unable in the writing of it to divest himself of prejudice. He is plainly irritated by the modern separatist movement in general and the place which Tone occupies in it in particular, and the book attempts to prove that Tone was moved rather by poverty and ambition than by partiotism. There appears clearly throughout the book a prejudice against Separation, against the French Revolution, against the men who supported them and in favour of those who opposed them. There is a great deal of what can only be termed hasty and ungenerous comment. Pitt, Fitzgibbon, and Castlereagh are handled with kid gloves and more or less suggested to be fine fellows. Ninety-eight is grotesquely and inaccurately described as "a jacquerie to abolish tithes and rents, a religious crusade in which some priests took a leading part, an explosion of racial hatred"; the Ninety-eight trials are described as "of admirable fairness"; it is said, speaking of the Irish who rallied to Humbert, "clergy and gentry, with few and mostly not very respectable exceptions, held aloof"; and not alone Tone himself but his best friends—Neilson, Russell, Knox for instance—are unsympathetically dealt with. There seems to me also to be evidence of a complete lack of any philosophy of Irish history which would accept Ireland as a historic and organic entity. Mr. MacDermot sees Tone as Tone merely, and not as an instrument, "a reed pipe crudely fashioned," through which the spirit of Ireland blew.

As I read the book, I noted on the end papers various pages which contained statements which seemed to me to be inaccurate or mistaken. I find, on counting them, that they number 32. One cannot, in a review, deal with all these. But enough of them must be dealt with to indicate why I find the book wanting. Most of these are concerned with Tone himself, but some of them are concerned with other matters.

At the very beginning of his book Mr. MacDermot writes "The popular notion of him as a steady and consistent republican follows the tradition which he strove at the end of his life to establish, but it cannot be reconciled with the facts. His career in Ireland is full of fluctuations and contrasts, and it is significant that he abandoned unfinished his attempt to write a narrative of it," and there are other references, and numerous suggestions of the same nature. His attempt, as a briefless barrister, to get employment from Pitt, and his "in my anger I make something like a vow that, if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry," are trotted out in support of the suggestion that poverty and ambition



were his moving forces. Now Tone came into Irish politics in 1791. He had written two pamphlets in 1790, and a third, the famous *Argument on behalf of the Catholics*, brought him reputation in 1791. In that year he projected, with Drennan, the Society of United Irishmen and, in a letter to Russell, conveying to him his proposed resolutions for the Society, and which Mr. MacDermot prints, he says:—

The foregoing contain my true and sincere opinion of the state of this country, so far as in the present juncture it may be advisable to publish it; they certainly fall short of the truth, but truth itself must sometimes condescend to temporize. My unalterable opinion is that the bane of Irish prosperity is in the influence of England. I believe that influence will even be extended while the connexion between the countries continues. Nevertheless, I know that opinion is for the present too hardy, though a very little time may establish it universally.

His own well-known statement in his *Autobiography*, written in 1796, is:—

To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects.

And, at his courtmartial in 1798 he said:—

From my earliest youth I have regarded the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation; and felt convinced that whilst it lasted this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries.

That Ireland was not able of itself to throw off the yoke I knew. I therefore sought for aid wherever it was to be found . . . . .

There is another reference, in the *Autobiography*, written in 1796, also striking:—

A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views, and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government, and consequently that Ireland could never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unobtainable, whilst the connexion with England existed. In forming this theory, which has ever since unvaryingly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed

everything, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, Sir Lawrence Parsons . . .

This refers to the year 1790, after he had published his first pamphlet. There are other documents of this year, drafts of Papers he read to the *Whig Club*, printed in Vol. I of the Washington edition of his life, which actually show his opinions in process of formation. It is certain that the expression "from my earliest youth," used at his courtmartial, is incorrect, and if he did say it the slip may well be understood. (The account of the trial is printed by his son in the second volume of the *Washington Life*, and he does not say where he got it. A contemporary account printed by Madden from the *Dublin Monthly Magazine* for November, 1798, does not contain any reference to "my earliest youth": it says "The connection with England I have ever considered as the bane of the prosperity and happiness of Ireland . . ."). But anyway it is certain that these were his opinions from the earliest youth of his political thought, and that he was consistent in his holding of them and in his application of them. In the *Whig Club* while he was a member of it, in the *Catholic Committee*, as an *United Irishman*, and in his various talks with his various friends in Dublin and in Belfast, he had always these principles in his mind and worked with them always in the background of his thoughts.

In connection with this point Mr. McDermot reproaches Tone for two things. Firstly, for conveying to George Knox a proposal to put out the then Irish Government, and put in Lord Abercorn as Viceroy, with Knox and his friends to form the Government. He reproaches Tone for "entering upon" this scheme. But Tone did not "enter upon" this scheme. The scheme was John Keogh's, who asked Tone to broach it to Knox, and that is all Tone did. He did it out of respect for Keogh, and his reference in his *Diary* is:—

If I go to Dungannon I will certainly put it as fairly and as strongly to George Knox as I can, but I confess I should be sorry to succeed. I feel myself bound in duty to do everything in my power to procure liberty to the Catholics of Ireland; but this appears to me to be a bad scheme . . .

He goes on to consider the pros and cons of the scheme at great length, and it is clear that the governing idea in his mind is precisely what he said it was—Unity and the breaking of the connection.

Similarly with the scheme, in 1795, to get Tone some small office in Fitzwilliam's Government. Tone gives a long account of this, a project which was clearly not his but Keogh's, first broached to Tone and then to Byrne and Hamill. The new administration of Fitzwilliam was favourable to Catholic Emancipation, and the Catholic Committee wanted someone in it whom they could trust, and picked Tone, naturally, seeing that it had to be a Protestant. It is clear that Tone consented for the same reasons as he had carried the Abercorn scheme to George Knox. Tone's son says: "my father finally refused this offer," and this Mr. MacDermot ignores—indeed his whole account of this and other things is misleading. He begins by saying: "Tone however or the Catholics on his behalf conceived the idea that some employment might be obtained from the new Administration." It was not Tone

but the Catholics who conceived the idea. Tone's long memorandum of 7th February, 1795, clearly indicates that and it concludes :

I should have added above, in its place, that I told Mr. Hamill I did not *wish* to form any connexion with the present administration . . .

If the proposal was his own, how on earth would he have told the men who, on Mr. MacDermot's theory were going begging for a post for him, that he did not want it ?

There is evidence, in fact, throughout the book of what I can only call ungenerous and hasty inaccuracy in regard to Tone. There is, for instance, the reference quoted above :

His career in Ireland is full of fluctuations and contrasts, and it is significant that he abandoned unfinished his attempt to write a narrative of it.

The suggestion here is definite, that Tone did not finish the autobiography of his career in Ireland because in some way it could not be made to redound to his credit. Now, Tone began his autobiography at Paris on 7th August, 1796. He carried it down to July, 1792, in 69 pages of print, as in the *Washington Life*. He continued the autobiography at Rennes, 22nd September, 1796, saying : "As my time is growing shorter, I pass over a very busy interval of my life, *all the important events of which are detailed in different diaries among my papers.*" This second portion of the autobiography covers from his leaving Ireland in 1795 until his arrival in France in 1796, and concludes : "my adventures, from this date, are fully detailed in the Diary, which I have kept regularly since my arrival in France."

This same mental attitude of ungenerous inaccuracy is evident throughout the book. The document which is printed in Vol. I of the *Life* under the heading, given it presumably by Tone himself, *Statement of Mr. Tone's communications with Jackson* is printed by Mr. MacDermot, and referred to, as *Tone's Confession*. And a reference to the money which Tone gathered together when going to America (£300 specially voted him by the Catholic Committee, plus an unknown balance of the £1,500 which was voted him in 1793, plus whatever he got from the realisation of his other (unknown) property and effects in Ireland), the total stated by himself to be about £700, has a nasty footnote : "If Tone had a guilty secret about money, he could hardly give these figures . . ."

There are other aggravating things in the book, but I can only deal, in a review's space, with two of them. The first is this : "He failed, and the consequence of his failure was the Act of Union, a measure that seemed to Pitt to have become an imperious necessity if England was to win the war with France and if better and milder government was to be made possible in Ireland." This is nonsense. The Union had been in English minds ever since Molyneux's famous book in 1698. *The Case of Ireland* was published in 1698 and made a *fiurore*, and in 1703 was published the first London pamphlet advocating a Union, or at least the earliest I have met [*An Essay towards a Union of Ireland with England*. London. Timothy Goodwin. 1703] and through the century it was ever increasingly in the minds of English

publicists and English Ministers. Once the Irish Parliament began to develop a local patriotism and independence it was doomed, and moreover the Union was always in the background of Pitt's mind. Lecky quotes a letter from him to Westmoreland of the 18th November, 1792, as follows:

The idea of the present fermentation gradually bringing both parties to think of an Union with this country has long been in my mind . . . . It must certainly require great delicacy and management, but I am heartily glad that it is at least in your thoughts.

As I have referred to the Union I had better correct another reference. Molyneux is referred to as having advocated it, and this is, I think, a misinterpretation. Molyneux wrote:

If it be concluded that the Parliament of England may bind Ireland, it must be allowed that the people of Ireland ought to have their representatives in the Parliament of England; and this, I believe, we should be willing enough to embrace, but this is a happiness we can hardly hope for.

but this has no reference to a Union. Molyneux was arguing in favour of the complete independence of the Irish Parliament, and its representation in the English Parliament if the latter claimed to bind Ireland by its laws. This latter seems to me to be simply a debating point.

The second point is about George Knox. Mr. MacDermot writes:

Later he made a curious compromise with Government for himself in connexion with the Union, under which he resigned his post and opposed the Union, but when the measure had been safely carried, was rewarded with another post for having refrained from throwing against it certain parliamentary votes which he was in a position to influence.

Mr. MacDermot's authority for this statement is MacDonagh's *Viceroy's Post Bag*.

George Knox has an honoured name in Irish history. The friend of Tone, and a follower of Grattan's, he was a staunch advocate of both Parliamentary reform and Catholic Emancipation. I turned up MacDonagh then with considerable curiosity, to find that Mr. MacDermot has misread it.

Knox was Commissioner of Revenue, and Member for Trinity. When the Union was decided upon all members who had Government jobs were notified that if they did not vote for the Union they would be dismissed. Lord Abercorn controlled seven votes, and Knox had associated himself with him up to the time of the Union project. Abercorn told the Government, and told Knox, that if Knox were dismissed he would turn all his votes against them, and he authorised Knox to direct the votes accordingly. But Knox, in order to "release Lord Abercorn and the Government from any embarrassment on my score," resigned his job and voted to the end against the Union. After his resignation Cornwallis sent for him and told him that he would be reinstated, as did Castlereagh, "the moment that



the question was decided one way or the other" and Knox claimed fulfilment of that promise after the Union, and was refused by Hardwicke, who was then Lord Lieutenant. Later, in March, 1805, he was given the post of Lord of the Treasury.

Mr. MacDermot refers to the persistent Dublin tradition that Tone did not commit suicide, but was murdered, and states that "it lacks any particle of probability." That is certainly an overstatement, and it is unlikely that the exact truth of the circumstances of his death will now be determined. But there is evidence to suggest foul play of some sort. Mr. MacDermot will find, in the Auckland Correspondence Vol. IV, a letter from Fitzgibbon to Auckland, in which he says:

We had got into a little scrape by bringing up Mr. Tone for trial to Dublin by a Courtmartial, sitting by the side of the Court of King's Bench. We shall probably get out of it by the death of Mr. Tone, *who was suffered to cut his throat on the day appointed for his execution* . . . .

The italics are mine. They do undoubtedly convey the possibility that suicide was in some way suggested to Tone, or that the knife with which he is said to have cut his throat was conveniently dropped within his reach. There are endless ways in which his mind might have been subtly turned towards suicide, and I, at any rate, do not share Mr. MacDermot's high opinion of his jailers.

I have referred earlier to Mr. MacDermot's lack of a perception of this Nation as an organic entity. Even at the risk of unduly lengthening this notice, I must enlarge on that. I quote from a pamphlet of my own, *Henry Grattan*, published in 1922:

The history of Ireland in the eighteenth century is a history which runs in two streams, one open and obvious, the garrison Parliament and garrison people, and the other underground, the Irish people. Of the one little is understood, and little has been written, of the other, much; yet they reacted profoundly on each other, and their fates and their careers are inextricably interwoven. Of the life and thought of that underground nation no man can with certainty yet say much, yet this we may say, that it remade itself, remoulded itself, to meet the altered conditions in Ireland, and when it had attained to oneness it moved on forwards to its appointed goal. One can sense it broken and breathless after Limerick, leaderless, without cohesion, watching the strangers who made a network of little settlements all over Ireland attempting to disrupt its solidarity, and one can sense it bracing itself against penal laws, against rackrents, against enclosure of commons, but keeping its soul, and clinging desperately and passionately to the land, not alone as the only means of existence left to it, for it was excluded by law from the town, but also as the only means of securing its ultimate resurrection. Through the century it goes, creeping steadily up against the stranger . . . . Gradually finding leaders out of its newly created middle classes, gradually finding a common purpose, gradually discovering itself a Nation, always devouring land, until, outside North-East Ulster, the settlements

of the Strangers were in all cases surrounded, and whoever owned the land, they of the underground nation occupied it . . . .

Both the underground nation and the garrison nation were acted upon by the Spirit of Ireland, which tried to unite them, to make each fulfil itself in the other. Molyneux, Swift, Malone, Boyle, Lucas, and Flood, had given to the garrison people a colonial nationality . . . . In the first decades of the eighteenth century, with the penal laws in full blast, with the spirit of persecution and fear rampant in the garrison, the underground nation could do no more than exist and retain its courage; but, with the growth of Irish feeling in the garrison people, with the increased toleration of all classes, and with its own increased courage and better organisation, it came to the surface . . . . Already, with not a century elapsed since the establishment in Ireland of the framework of an artificial State, which seemed to settle the Irish Question, already that had vanished, and in its place was the tradition of a separate colonial nationality, a nationality claiming separate existence, separate authority, while confronting it was the grim figure of the older tradition, the virile tradition of the independent Irish nation. Could these two coalesce, could they be made to see that their interests were virtually the same, and could England down them both and rivet her power in Ireland on some new basis? That is the question which agitated the spirit of Ireland in the decade of Henry Grattan.

The spirit of Ireland seized upon Tone, and worked through Tone for the complete unity of its people. Both traditions came together in him, and united, and his is the first complete expression of Irish Nationality. The Irish People do not always honour their great men alive, but make no mistake when they are dead, and Tone was and is First. He was a great man in every way. Pitt and Castlereagh and Fitzgibbon broke the United Irish Society, broke Ninety-eight, by methods we know—by dragooning, torture, rape, and every conceivable brutality—they carried the Union, by perjury and bribery and terrorism. Pitt died in brokenhearted despair, his face to the wall, telling his friends to roll up the map of Europe. Today he is just a name among many, an English Statesman. Fitzgibbon died in disappointment, discontent, and regret, and today he is not even a name. Castlereagh, ambition's proud monument, died by his own hand in despair, and today is remembered only as an English Statesman. Tone is alive, in the only way in which a dead man can live, in the hearts of the people whom he typified and for whom he died. P. S. O'H.

THE LONDONDERRY PLANTATION, 1609-41. By T. W. Moody, Ph.D., F.T.C.D.,  
Lecturer in History, Queen's University, Belfast. William Mullan & Son.  
15s. net.

In every way that seriously matters this is an arresting book: arresting as to binding, bulk, and burden. A primary duty is to congratulate Messrs. Mullan and Son on the style in which they have placed their handsome and important volume on the market, giving thereby a tacit guarantee to all authors

that future work undertaken by them will appear in becoming format. Dr. Moody was taking no risks.

The first thing that attracted our attention and held it for a considerable time was Plate No. 1 which forms a frontispiece, and shows the distribution of landed property in the county of Londonderry after the assignment of proportions to the city companies (1613-35). Placed side by side with a modern map of the same area it becomes wonderfully instructive. Each company was not just located in one clearly defined section of the county coterminous with another company restricted to similar confines: very often they overlap. For example from Dungiven southward on each side of the Glenshane Pass there are the Skinners; then come the Drapers as far south as the Ballinderry river, but the Skinners have wedged themselves among the Drapers on both banks of the Moyola and are to be found also on the west of the Fishmongers who, as might be expected, stretch far south of Lough Foyle. We would linger over this excellent map but may not. Really it is the book at a glance—if that were possible.

And so we enter by the Preface where Dr. Moody tells us that he has drawn entirely on original sources many of which have never before been tapped. These are (I) State archives; (II) London archives, and (III) miscellaneous records. To print the names of those sources requires about one line; yet if the reader will turn to p. 420 and continue to 460 he will surely stand aghast at the incredible industry which produced this book. Twenty of these pages recount in closely packed typography the names and descriptions of the documents consulted. As a master-craftsman whose skill is never in doubt our author moves amongst this amazing material with quiet unobtrusiveness and handles each detail with utmost and exquisite ease.

Dr. Moody opens his story with the submission of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, in 1603, which marked a turning-point in Irish history. The volume could not, of course, run on *ad infinitum*; but if we may be permitted one criticism, it is to suggest that more picturesque detail might have been added in at least this introductory chapter such as the grovelling antics of Tyrone in the presence of Mountjoy and also a little further narrative about "the flight of the earls." Tyrone's renunciation of the style and title "The O'Neill" for the third time recalls the performance of Talleyrand when taking the oath to Louis-Philippe: "Sire, c'est le triezième!" he added in an undertone. And the tears of the Earl at the death of Elizabeth were not bitter enough to move Fynes Moryson who was able in a recorded passage to appraise their worth. In this Introduction our author mentions five operative causes which rendered impossible a continuance of the old Gaelic Ulster after the defeat of Tyrone—one is the fact that Antrim and Down had for centuries been an English foothold before the coming of Hamilton and Montgomery. All the others are equally irrefutable and convincing.

"The enigmatic 'flight of the earls' took Chichester and his colleagues by surprise," we are told. We wonder! Frankly it is one of the mysteries of Irish history. Could it be at all possible that it was engineered by Chichester and Davies to encompass the destruction of the chieftains by finally driving them away? The lament of the Four Masters still grips the heart as they watch the frail craft with its three Ulster princes leaving Ireland for ever:—"That was a distinguished company for one ship. For it is most certain that the sea has



not borne nor the wind wafted from Ireland, in the latter times, a party in any one ship more eminent, illustrious, and noble than they were in point of genealogy, or more distinguished for great deeds, renown, feats of arms, and valorous achievements; and would that God had granted them to remain in their patrimonies until their youths should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that planned, woe to the council that decided on the project of their setting out on that journey!" Opportunity was thus given to Chichester and his minions to do with large areas of Ulster whatsoever they listed. While they were warily making preparations for the subsequent plantation, Sir Cahir O'Doherty of Inishowen burnt the town of Derry. In a skirmish with the besiegers of Dogh Castle he was killed. This is not the place to estimate the quality of O'Doherty. Suffice it to say that with Neill Garve's brains as his mainspring, he must often have surprised even himself. At all events it was his revolt and its failure that fundamentally altered Chichester's plans. An unscrupulous man up to this point the Lord Deputy became even more sinister than most. His simple scheme after the earls had absconded, was to portion out the territories among the natives, keeping large estates for distinguished soldiers and various officials from across the sea. A long document instead of this idea, giving instructions to Sir James Ley, the Chief Justice, and Sir John Davies, the Attorney-General was sent to England. Each one of the six escheated counties is examined in minute detail; and in due course the plantation in Ulster began. It would not be inappropriate at this juncture to quote Dr. Moody: "One of the English undertakers, Thomas Blenerhasset, in a pamphlet which he published in 1610, speaks of the wolf and the wood-kerne as the most serious danger to the British colonist in Ulster. He recommended *inter alia* that the colonists should organize periodic man-hunts to track down the human wolves to their lairs, 'and no doubt it will be a pleasant hunt and much prey will fall to the followers'." As a form of blood-sport beloved by our Saxon neighbours when in Ireland it had at this time grown inveterate, for we read in the complaint of the nobles of Ireland to Pope John XXII that "it is not merely their lay and secular persons but even some of the religious among them too (English), who are asserting the heretical doctrine that it is no more sin to kill an Irishman than a single dog or any other brute animal."

What of the Irish Society? In a word or two the author states that its positive achievement was the building and fortifying of Derry, Culmore and Coleraine. The chief interest here centres for the wayfaring man in Derry city. Let him look at some of these excellent maps and the story almost unfolds itself—at plates 2 and 3 which viewed together on a folded sheet reveal the plans of 1600 and 1611. Plate 10 is a gem. This is Raven's Derry. In 1617 was built the Free School-house by Matthias Springham at his own expense and the Walls of Derry were laid out in the same year and built at a cost of £8,357. This amount, to give present day value, should be multiplied by at least ten. The Cathedral which is also the Parish Church of Templemore was completed in 1633 and cost £4,000. Everybody agrees that from a military point of view the fortification of Derry was a blunder. Both from the harbour and the adjacent hill it was exceptionally vulnerable. That the city withstood the sieges of 1649 and 1689 is simply miraculous and is a greater tribute to the endurance of the beleaguered inhabitants than to the strength of their position or their bulwarks.



Any review of this book would be incomplete without reference to Chapter XIV which deals with The City's Trial in the Star Chamber. The trial we are told was profoundly influenced by the financial straits of the crown: it was one of the most remarkable in the annals of that Court both for the greatness of the parties and the issues involved, and for the length of the proceedings. The author, of course, enumerates the five heads of the charge which the reader must study at his leisure. A fine of £70,000 was imposed together with the surrender of the Society's patent. In our view the judgment was monstrous. However it brought Wentworth to the block. The Society's Charter was renewed in 1662.

This is a magnificent book of a calibre which only appears at rare intervals. Can we say more?

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

TWO BOOKES OF CONSTANCIE. Written in Latin by Justus Lipsius, Englished by Sir John Stradling. Edited by Rudolf Kirk. Notes by Clayton Morris Hall. Pp. ix+223. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, New Jersey. 1939.

This is a very learned, carefully documented and beautifully printed book. "Lipsius was a quiet, studious, peaceful, and peace-loving scholar. He longed to be left to his books, his academic affairs, his dogs, his garden of tulips." He was born in 1547 at Isque between Brussels and Louvain. He was, no doubt, a great Latinist; he knew little Greek; but I doubt if his reputation as a philosopher was equally deserved. He played fast and loose with Catholicism, Lutheranism and Calvinism as it suited his convenience rather than his conscience. Born in 1547 he was a Catholic (and even Secretary to a Cardinal) until he accepted a Chair at Lutheran Jena. We find him a Catholic again until 1579 when he embraced Calvinism with a Chair at Leyden. In 1591 he returned to Catholicism. His last years were spent as Professor at Louvain, his *Alma Mater*. *De Constantia* is his best known work. It appeared in 1581 and went through over 300 editions. I find it difficult to know why! *De Constantia* (1584) was written in Latin and translated into Dutch (1584), French (1592), Spanish (1616), English (1594), and other languages. Lipsius takes issue with the Stoics primarily on the point of the existence of God, all-knowing and all powerful, whose Providence is not limited by necessity, or fate. Necessity, for him, springs from God. True destiny "is an immovable decree of Providence inherent in things moveable, which firmly effecteth every thing in its order, place and time." Natural cause has no existence apart from God's will. But chance exists. God is not merely a First Cause which has set in motion all secondary causes to eternity. "True destiny" does not amount to predestination. "There are factors in the world which are not subject to any kind of predestination, but which may be acted on by God immediately, without a chain of causes from the First Cause, or by man moved by his will" (p. 44). Freedom of the Will emanates from God. God foresees, but does not force. He knows, but does not constrain; He foretells but does not prescribe. "Thou sinnest necessarily, and yet of thine own free-will" (p. 122). The argument is familiar and futile: it solves nothing.

Lipsius is too lenient towards War (p. 156). "Doth war vex any Nation? The same does also quicken them, and most commonly bringeth in Arts, together with other things, that do diversely adorn their wits."

Right Reason is contrasted with Opinion—a false and frivolous conjecture of things human to divine. The editor suggests "prejudice" as the meaning of opinion. Ronsard's *Discours* are full of the word, where it seems to mean speculation beyond the limits imposed by Church and State. Cf. Ronsard: *Discours a la Royne, Mere du Roy* (Pléiade edition, vol. II, p. 547).

On dit que Jupiter fasché contre la race  
Des hommes, qui vouloyent par curieuse audace  
Envoyer leurs raisons jusqu'au ciel pour sçavoir  
Les hauts secrets divins que l'homme ne doit voir,  
. . . . choisit pour son amie  
Dame Presomption . . . .  
. . . . et . . . . soudain  
Conceut l'Opinion, peste du genre humain;  
Cuide en fut nourrice, et fut mise à l'escolle  
D'Orgueil, de Fantaisie et de Jeunesse folle . . . .

"Prejudice" is evidently not the true sense of "Opinion."

I wrote in a poem once long ago:

They waste their precious moments seeking God  
Whom they shall never find . . . .

By that I meant that the Nature of God, our relations with Him, the life of the Spirit, and the After Life can never, in this life, be apprehended by Reason, but must, so long as we are conditioned by Time and Space, remain a matter of Faith. Reason cannot solve an Antinomy, which is only an Antinomy because its solution is outside Time and Space, to which Reason is bound. The mystical is the only approach to God.

R. B.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Benjamin Farrington.  
London: Allen & Unwin. 1939. Pp. 243. 10s. 6d.

This is a distinctly unusual book, but, unlike the majority of present-day unusual books, it has other claims to attention. Professor Farrington is a scholar of high rank and at the same time a master of expression, and the thesis which he sets out to maintain is both interesting and important. He states it thus:—

In the view of the present writer, the problem of government in the class-divided societies of classical antiquity reveals its acuteness not only in the descriptions of open *stasis*, or class-warfare, in which the records of the ancient historians abound, but in the systematic efforts on the part of governments, priesthoods, and leaders of thought in various fields of human achievement, to provide the mass of their people not with true ideas but with "wholesome" ones.

In order to illustrate the success with which the progress and diffusion of knowledge had been checked, the author describes the tragi-comic contrast between the striking advance made by science in the sixth century B.C., as shown in the views put forward by Anaximander, and the depths to which it had sunk in the sixth century of the present era, as revealed in the work of one Cosmas Indicopleustes, who taught that the world was made on the model of the tabernacle of Moses and was therefore a flat plain with high walls enclosing it on each side, that the motions of the heavenly bodies were produced by angels, and that the correct method of scientific research is not to study Nature but to study the Bible. As it may be argued that Cosmas was a half-wit, Professor Farrington, in an admirable chapter, illustrates his thesis from the writings of Prudentius, who was born in 348 A.D., who was a Christian poet of high intellectual gifts, and who was fully as blind as Cosmas in matters scientific.

Professor Farrington is not, however, concerned to eulogize the pagan at the expense of the Christian, or to make out that superstition was confined to the latter. "The Christians," as he says, "were not more superstitious than their contemporaries, and they were much more alive. Contempt for the superstition of their pagan contemporaries is a commonplace in the writings of the early Christians, and they were entitled to it." He goes on to argue that the struggle in Hellas between science and obscurantism was ultimately and essentially political, and that the latter was victorious. Great men, men so great as Plato and Aristotle, are shown to have fought upon its side; and Epicurus is declared to be the first man known to history to have organized a movement for the liberation of *mankind at large* from superstition, and for the abolition of the police function of religion. Above all, Professor Farrington is concerned to show that the passionate intensity of Lucretius, the great poet of Epicureanism, sprang from the very depths of his being: he admits frankly that it was the wish to put this passion in its true light that led him to the composition of the present book.

For that we should be thankful. It is a brilliant book, enriched by a wealth of learning, a generosity of quotation, and a lucidity of style which place it among the major productions of classical scholarship during the last two generations.

W. A. GOLIGHER.

CHATEAUBRIAND: a Biography. By Joan Evans. Pp. xiv+380. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1939. 12s. 6d. net.

Of this book I can unhesitatingly say that it is a masterpiece. Miss Evans follows the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* very closely and indeed very often actually translates Chateaubriand's own words. But the pompous platitudes and moralizings are omitted, and René's statements have been checked in so far as possible. "He had to suggest, out of respect to his earlier writings, that he had travelled further in America than in fact he did" (p. viii). Perhaps that is why Miss Evans omits Chateaubriand's journey through Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Tennessee ["Nous suivions à peu très des sentiers que lie maintenant la grande route des Natchez . . ."], the extraordinary botanical *excursus* and the adventure of the Floridiennes, Atala and Céluta,

which occupies in the *Mémoires* a place immediately before the episode of the farmhouse with the mill related by Miss Evans on p. 69. Miss Evans puts Chateaubriand's writings, though she is not specifically concerned with them, in their proper perspective in connection with his life, as also she does the succession of women who played so important a part in his spiritual development, beginning with his sister whose passion for her brother produced *René*, and continuing with his pupil in Suffolk, Charlotte Ives, whom, had he not been married already, he would have married (his own wife Céleste Buisson de la Vigne, whom he married in 1792, a rich heiress of 17, never meant anything to him), Pauline de Montmorin-Saint-Hérem, Comtesse de Beaumont, Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine, Nathalie de Laborde de Méréville, Vicomtesse de Noailles and Duchesse de Mouchy, Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras, and Juliette Récamier.

Madame Récamier assuaged the sadness and loneliness of his last years, when the others had become memories. An unexpected consolation came too from the "King," Henri V, in 1843. Chateaubriand was invited to join him at 35 Belgrave Square, London. "Henri V showed him the true kindness that comes from imagination, the last quality he had learned to expect from a Bourbon . . . The prince used to spend hours sitting beside his bed, telling him of his hopes and projects, asking his counsel, and listening to his talk."

Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre introduced descriptive writing into French literature, but Chateaubriand surpasses them both. His *René* is, with Werther and Oberman, the exemplar of romantic weltanschmerz. He was one of the first men to understand nineteenth century democracy, and the first to turn Romanticism towards Christianity after the arid materialism of the eighteenth century. If his Christian apologetics are intellectually unsound, his Christian feeling is deep and penetrating. Chateaubriand is, by his melancholy and his Christianity the precursor of Lamartine; by the "Orientalisme" of his martyrs—that strange mixture of actual truth with Claude Lorrain and Poussin—, by the splendour of his language, and by his vision, he is the master of Hugo. The *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* are, in many ways, the most fascinating of all autobiographies, and give a self-picture of a very remarkable, if very ineffective and fundamentally weak man of great uprightness and sincerity. His political career was not distinguished. Secretary to Bonaparte's Ambassador to Rome in 1802-3, he broke with the Emperor over the murder of Enghien. After the Restoration he entered politics in opposition to Decazes. He became Ambassador to Berlin and London, Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ambassador to Rome, and in 1830 fought valiantly for the Duke of Bordeaux and refused allegiance to Louis Philippe. He was not cut out for the dishonest trade of politics: his pride, his honesty, his uncompromising loyalty made him a difficult bed-fellow. But at least, he never compromised himself in anything "indigne d'un poète" (as Moreás said of himself on his death-bed).

Miss Evans has given us a corrected and critical version of Chateaubriand's own account of himself, with additions from other and more trustworthy sources, and deserves the greatest credit and our sincerest gratitude for the service she has done Chateaubriand and the English reader.

R. B.



REASONS FOR FRANCE. By John Brangwyn. Pp. 341. London: John Lane. 1939. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Brangwyn cares nothing for literary associations and is weak on French history, but he gives, on the whole, a sound, if not very full, picture of contemporary France, of the stable France behind the flapdoodle of ephemeral politicians and policies, particularly the France of the small holder and small industrialist. He passes in review Montereau (faïence, agricultural implements), Orleans, Sens, Dijon, Besançon (watches), Montbéliard, the Jura, Morez-in-the-Jura (spectacles), St. Claude (pipes), Oyonnax (combs), Bugey (paper), St. Rambert, Bourg-en-Bresse, Lyons, St. Etienne (ribbons and steel), Grenoble (gloves, electricity)—we learn that in the department of Isère there are more than 100,000 owners of land and only 37,000 farm labourers—Grésivaudan, La Grande Chartreuse, the Dauphiny Alps (including Gap), Provence, Aix, Marseilles, the Azure Coast, Arles, the Camargue, Aigues Mortes, Beaucaire and Tarascon (not a word of Aucassin and Nicolette!), Nîmes, Avignon, Thiers (knives and scissors), Clermont-Ferrand. But there is nothing about Western and South-western France, nor, in the area Mr. Brangwyn travelled, about Montpellier, or the whole Cévennes country, or the territory between Nîmes and Thiers. I have spoken of Mr. Brangwyn's weakness in history. Such a passage (p. 244) as: "The Middle Ages made Provence a lasting realm of romance, with troubadours for kings whose type crystallized in the last of them, the almost mythical King René (1409-1480), a happy-go-lucky ruler whose castles are still scattered about the country which he loved and made musical" speaks for itself: it has almost as many errors as words! Aix is not from *Aquae* (p. 257) but *Aquis*. Ciotat was in Greek *κιθαριστής* not Citharista, "comme on l'a parfois indiqué à tort" [Dauzat: *La Toponymie française*, p. 153]. But the name is a graecicization of an older form of unknown origin (there is also a Céreste in the Alps). The V.L. must have been Cederesta. There is much unusual and interesting information in this book. It is the work of an enthusiast: in so far as it depends on his own observation, it is good, if rather slight. But in other matters it is sketchy and often inaccurate, and too much is left out to leave a complete impression.

R. B.

INTRODUCTION A LA POESIE FRANCAISE. By Thierry Maulnier. Pp. 364. Paris: Gallimard. 1939. 30 francs.

A perverse and brilliant book. The only mediaeval poet represented is Villon. The Sixteenth Century occupies pp. 119-229, the Seventeenth pp. 230-287. Then a poet I know nothing of, Latouche, gets three pages. Lamartine gets 2½ pages (!), Nerval 5, Hugo 4, Vigny 2, Musset 2½, Baudelaire 7, Rimbaud 5, Mallarmé 5, Péguy 6½, Apollinaire 10, Valéry 8½, Maurras 4, Cocteau 3, and a certain Catherine Pozzi 3½. The Eighteenth Century is a blank.

I have no criticism to make of the Sixteenth Century choice, except that Queen Margaret of Navarre might have been included. The Seventeenth Century selection is whimsical. Sponde gets a place, but neither Motin, Nervèze nor Du Souhait, Maynard, but not Racan (the model of Gray's *Elegy*),

D'Arbaud but not Laugier de Porchères. One Du Bois Hus is included. Tristan l'Hermite is represented by 14 lines of the *Promenoir*, Corneille by extracts from *Clitandre* and *Surèna* (his earliest and last plays are, indeed, his best!), Racine by passages from *Bérénice*, *Mithridate*, *Iphigénie*, *Phèdre*, *Athalie*.

The introduction is noteworthy. After an examination into the essential qualities of poetry, M. Maulnier gives a concise history of French poetry. Poetry must overcome difficulties. If it is made too easy, it ceases to be poetry. "Le jour où le code constitué du métier poétique . . . cesse d'exiger du poète un supplément d'invention, de recherche et de contrôle . . . le jour où les belles difficultés deviennent facilités et dispenses, ce jour impose la naissance d'un style poétique nouveau." (pp. 62-63).

I detach some excellent *obiter dicta*.

"La victoire remportée par la Pléiade sur le verbiage abstrait des rhétoriciens a détourné pour des siècles la poésie française de la voie royale où l'avait engagée la marche contemplative de Scève vers les profondeurs de l'âme et du monde." (p. 64).

"Seul des 'romantiques' français, Gérard de Nerval eut assez de conscience pour comprendre, . . . la tâche véritable qui s'imposait au romantisme : rendre à la poésie les difficultés inhérentes à son exercice." (p. 65).

For M. Maulnier the rest of the Romantics did nothing more than to introduce "quelques variations, quelques thèmes empruntés aux littératures étrangères, quelques artifices verbaux ou musicaux . . . dans la prosodie de l'abbé Delille . . ." (p. 65).

The Sixteenth Century produced nothing superior to Villon before or Racine after. But Scève, Ronsard, Du Bellay, d'Aubigné, Garnier "voguent à pleines voiles dans l'espace enchanté où Baudelaire et Rimbaud ne s'élancent à chaque fois que pour deux ou trois coups d'aile de l'essor condamné d'Icare." (p. 67).

"La poésie de Villon est nue" (p. 70) Péguy and Apollinaire alone approach him in this nudity. "L'homme est dans cette poésie dépouillé et désarmé, offert au monde sans défense, sans ruse et sans secret . . ." (p. 71).

M. Maulnier is very hard on the Romantics. "Ils n'apportèrent rien de nouveau dans la poésie, . . . Ils bornèrent leur révolution à quelques innovations d'ordre formel, d'ailleurs extrêmement timides." (p. 97).

The outstanding interest of the book is not, I think, the *écreintement* of some famous writers, but the tardy justice done to Scève and Garnier and other writers of the Sixteenth Century. Scève is coming, at last, into his own. M. Parturier's edition of *Délie* began the crusade. M. Vatey Larbaud was the first to rehabilitate the *Microcosme*. Then came M. Guégan's edition. And now M. Schmidt has written learnedly and convincingly of the *Microcosme* in his *Poésie scientifique en France au Seizième Siècle* (Albin Michel, 1939).

I confess that I do not know anything about Du Bois Hus, Latouche, and Catherine Pozzi. The last named seems to me to be an inadequate sample of Twentieth Century poetry.

M. Maulnier speaks of "l'astre rouge de d'Aubigné, la constellation lyonnaise" of Scève, Pernet du Guillet and Louis Labé. The two latter

are comparable only to Racine. Scève's *Microcosme* is saved by a few passages of overwhelming and astounding beauty, but, for M. Maulnier, his *Délie*, of a Mallarmean intensity and profundity is the "méditation poétique la plus forte et la plus assurée qui soit" (p. 75).

"D'Aubigné est . . . celui que Hugo crut être, et réussit à faire croire qu'il était." (p. 79).

Pontus de Tyart is occasionally comparable to Scève. One *Psaume* and one sonnet of Baïf (le chef-d'œuvre de la poésie érotique française), two sonnets of Desportes (*Icare* and *Les Ombres*) Bertaut's *Cantique de la Vierge Marie*, superior even to Péguy, Jodelle's *Aux Cendres de Claude Colet* and his sonnet to the triple Diana are among the masterpieces of French poetry.

Garnier's tragedies are full of Elizabethan prodigality and a "somp tueuse et terrible beauté." (Racine borrowed from him!). "Garnier est le poète incomparable de l'invocation, de l'imprécation, de la malédiction." superior in this to Corneille and Racine and equal to Shakespeare. (pp. 83-87).

Maynard is superior to Malherbe (p. 90), Corneille is rehabilitated for qualities other than those generally admired.

Chénier tried to "ranimer la morte aux lèvres de marbre." From Lamartine and Hugo it is difficult to extract "quelques fragments de vers véritablement poétiques" (p. 97). Musset's *Nuits* are condemned. (p. 98.)

The Twentieth Century has given us Maurras, Valéry, Péguy, Claudel, Apollinaire. We can forgive it for having produced, also, Rostand and the Comtesse de Noailles. (p. 102).

The inclusions and omissions in this unusual and valuable anthology are deliberate: but some are to me at least incredibly capricious.

Rhetoric and verbosity, pomposity, moralisation and maudlin sentimentality, the obvious and the commonplace are rightly excluded. But why is Verlaine omitted? Why the whole of the so-called Symbolist and Decadent poets? Are they really only "versificateurs diversement habiles" (p. 99). Baudelaire and Rimbaud are criticized severely and rightly, the one for his "satanisme à bon marché," the other for his "bric-à-brac symboliste," but both are assured of immortality for their real poetry (p. 99). Gautier and Leconte de Lisle are ignored.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

INTRODUCTIONS TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by Bonamy Dobrée. Volume V: The Present Age from 1914. By Edwin Muir. The Cresset Press. 6s.

One of the most disquieting literary symptoms in the last few years has been the rapid oscillations of English criticism. The irascible propaganda of modernist poets, harassed by the times and confused by their own theories, is understandable and even pardonable. The matter really becomes serious when professors of English literature and responsible critics take part in the general scuffle. Mr. Edwin Muir is an experienced and progressive critic, who had gained a small but not unsatisfactory reputation. Unfortunately in this book he seems determined to catch up with the youngest poets who have just arrived from College to view the dismal world around them. In form his present

book seems little more than a piece of undistinguished book-making, scrappy and ill-proportioned. Half of the book consists of general essays on poetry and prose since the last war. The second half consists of selected lists of bibliographies, all of which could have been compressed without discomfort into a much smaller space. The bibliographies are admittedly incomplete and the omissions indicate only too clearly the literary bias of the compiler. While the latest contributor to *New Verse* finds a place, poets such as Egell Rickwood, Alan Porter, Charles Williams, Frank Kendon and many more are completely omitted. In these circumstances, the sesquipedalian humour of including a complete bibliography of Wilhelmina Stitch is rather misplaced. Mr. Muir includes a list of his own extremely sober verse and modestly allows Professor Dobrée to add the appropriate comment—"Philosophic poetry, with moving rhythms and effective imagery." "Moving rhythms" is scarcely a precise phrase. Mr. Muir repays the compliment in a note on Professor Dobrée's list of critical works. "Standard works, delightfully written . . . indispensable to any student of contemporary literature . . . delightful lightness and balance." "Delightful lightness" also can scarcely be described as a happy phrase.

For one thing we may be grateful to Mr. Muir. He tells us in his preface that he has omitted Irish writers, with the exception of Yeats and Joyce, on the grounds that they would require different treatment altogether since the conditions which gave rise to their work are different. This is a distinct advance, for the majority of English critics usually refuse to adapt their minds to any work which is not specifically written with the English reader in mind. Unfortunately, Mr. Muir is not consistent. If James Stephens and Frank O'Connor have to be omitted on these grounds, why does Mr. Muir include Sean O'Casey, Liam O'Flaherty and Sean O'Faolain? Does he suggest that their work does not arise from similar Irish conditions?

The main section of the book is devoted to contemporary poetry, as it seemed to Mr. Muir that "poetry must be treated in some detail or not treated at all." It is instructive to compare this survey with the previous survey which Mr. Muir made in his book of critical essays, *Transition*, published in 1925. In his present book, Mr. Muir tells us that the dominating figures of English poetry since 1914 have been Hopkins, Pound, Yeats and Eliot. Despite the prominence of these poets, Mr. Muir does not seem to have been aware of this grouping or configuration in 1925, and, if I remember correctly, the name of Hopkins was not even mentioned in that book. Although Mr. Muir is aware of the circumstances which condition Irish and American literature, he has not seemed to notice the significance of the fact that of the four chief figures in English poetry since the last war, according to his own theory, one has been an Irishman and two American. Mr. Muir seems, however, to be determined to confuse the issues.

"The retreat of writers into private worlds, which had begun before the War and was much stimulated by it, was a natural result of the fact that society could not be seen and felt coherently. The retreat began in poetry. At the beginning of the century Yeats turned aside from his time and fixed upon the peasant and the legends of the peasant as a foundation for his world. Pound went back to medieval Provence and old China. This return did not have very much in common with the return of Coleridge and Keats to the fairy tale and



the ballad. Yeats and Pound did not go to the past entirely for its strangeness or its beauty, but for an actual foundation on which to build a coherent personal world in a world which had grown incoherent and abstract to them.

Any reader who has the slightest acquaintance with Yeats's work as a whole will see the fallacy of this reasoning. Yeats was drawing on a living folklore and the rising imagination of a people. Pound, like Longfellow, was merely translating scraps of European poetry and dabbling, effectively enough, in paraphrases from the Chinese. Many of Mr. Muir's incidental remarks and judgments are keen and beyond dispute, but the entire book suffers from a determined wrongheadedness. By dealing first and at great length with Hopkins, Pound, Yeats and Eliot, and then bundling all the Georgians together in a few pages at the end of the survey, Mr. Muir succeeds in giving the general reader a completely erroneous impression of the course of literary events during the last twenty years. For more than a decade after the War, when reconstruction rather than destruction was in the air, the Georgian movement represented the main stream of English literature with Thomas Hardy as its *doyen*. Need it be said that the name of Thomas Hardy is not even mentioned in this book? After a hard struggle, the more advanced movement gradually came into prominence. Had Mr. Muir described the mere course of events he would have strengthened his own case. But throughout he follows the methods of his younger contemporaries.

The first sign of a revival of verse drama, he tells us, came from T. S. Eliot, "who had several times written of poetic drama as a possibility and perhaps felt tempted to prove his case." Here Mr. Muir ignores the labours of Yeats for thirty years, the pioneer work of Masefield, Bottomley, Binyon and others in verse drama and verse speaking. He ignores even the particular essays to which he refers, for these essays show that Mr. Eliot himself at that time had little knowledge of the conditions of modern verse drama. This short-sighted type of criticism is more liable to alienate than attract the sympathy of the fairminded reader.

A. C.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT. By Carlo Scarfoglio. Putnam. 7s. 6d. 338 pp.

The blurb of this book isn't encouraging. With its references to "the Tory wisdom of Mr. Neville Chamberlain," "the catastrophic Whig obscurantism," attributed to Messrs. Eden and Attlee, and its uncritical acceptance of imperialism as the political ideal, one tends to dismiss it as just another plea for one reactionary imperial power, fresh in the field, to share out the swag with those already established. If one takes the trouble to read it, however, there is more in this book than that.

Mr. Scarfoglio presents a thesis on English history in general terms. He is in the tradition of Vico, Taine and others, and will certainly shock English readers bred on the romantic righteousness of Macaulay, Trevelyan and company. For Mr. Scarfoglio, this very righteousness—which he correctly stigmatizes as the dominant trait of the Englishman—is the guy-line of English policy for the

last two-and-a-half centuries: it began in the religious righteousness of the Puritans and, forgetting its divine origin, survived as a very adaptable secular form of self-righteousness in English policy ever since. This is undoubtedly for the foreigner the most irritating characteristic of the political Englishman—that whatever he does, whether he is murdering black men in India or white men in Palestine, it is invariably for the best of all possible reasons, for these poor peoples' own good. Further, Mr. Scarfoglio traces a second leitmotif in British history: the remarkable fact that England has fought or fought in twelve major continental wars since Cromwell, and *each of these has been administered by a Whig party*, again for the best of all possible reasons each time, while *the Tory party consolidated the peace*. Where other countries tended to reverse their policies after a rebuff, by a revolution in their governments, England, after that first experiment of a republic, learnt to maintain her policy by alternating her cabinets, and meanwhile that great monument to eternal self-righteousness, the British Empire, was built up. Think back on it! Mr. Scarfoglio's analysis may break down on detail and there are some noticeable inaccuracies of fact, but the broad principles are surprisingly clear. And today it is likely that the new crusade to end war (or, in case this should prove impossible, to safeguard the British Empire) will be led not by Mr. Chamberlain, the Appeaser, but by Mr. Churchill or Mr. Eden, faithfully attended by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood.

Mr. Scarfoglio presents his view with readable wit, and in a quite remarkable English, which smells of, but is strengthened by, its foreign influences. There are ideas to think about in his book. And those who are opposed to any kind of imperialism will hardly need to be told that his analysis can easily be applied *mutatis mutandis* to the brand of imperialism (Italian) the author is advocating.

G. F.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY: A STUDY OF THE EVIDENCE. By Bernard Pares. Cape. 18s. net.

It is probably correct to say that there is not another man in Europe who could have written this book. Sir Bernard Pares was closely in touch, both in an official and unofficial capacity, with pre-revolutionary Russia, and as a scholar by profession he had a definite advantage over the regular diplomat, such as Buchanan; as a foreigner, he avoids the extremes of partiality such as are almost inevitable in the native historian of so controversial a period. Moreover, as is well-known, the author has revisited Russia in later years and seen fit to revise his first impressions, to take a more historical view of the change that has occurred. The present book is the result of eight years careful research into all the evidence now available, and it is certainly a work future historians will be grateful for.

For all that, one cannot welcome it unreservedly as the ideal history of the period. It is definitely a middle-class, a liberal history. The author does not hesitate to criticize radically the abuses, the corruption, the fatal inefficiency of the old regime. On the other hand he is unable to indicate the historic inevitability of the movement that was to replace it. Emphasis falls exclusively on ministerial and court intrigue and we are given very little insight into the

forces that were working underneath towards so radical a social and economic upheaval, and which showed their tremendous strength, subsequent to the Revolution, in the successful withstanding of the combined invasion of the interventionist armies. Even the extraordinary role of Rasputin in politics is sketchily and somewhat sensationally treated. Like so many British historians, (Italy has suffered from the same sort of treatment). Pares has difficulty in appreciating the evolution of foreign nations except in so far as this approximates more or less consciously to British constitutionalist ideals. What one feels he would really have liked for Russia, before it was too late, is a constitutional monarchy *à l'anglaise*—and this creeping nostalgia shows itself throughout the book in the author's emphasis on western influence during the war making for the overthrow of autocracy, and in his rather reproachful attitude to Russia's withdrawal from the imperialist conflict by separate treaty with Germany. Even to-day, when a younger generation is reaping the fruits of British and French rapacity during and after the war, Sir Bernard Pares sees nothing anomalous in the secret treaties, by which the allies were even ready to pledge Constantinople to the rulers of Tsarist Russia.

G. F.

A HISTORY OF MEXICO. By H. B. Parkes. Methuen. 16s. 432 pp.  
 DIEGO RIVERA: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Bertram D. Wolfe. New York :  
 Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.00. 420 pp.

"Probably the most important fact outside the U.S. for Americans is that a revolution is now going on next door—in Mexico. . . . If it works, the U.S. will eventually have a prosperous neighbor, a huge natural market for American manufactured goods. And a beginning will have been made in giving the submerged masses of Latin America a share in their governments," commented LIFE in a fifteen-page, amply illustrated article on modern Mexico, which appeared at the beginning of this year. The fate of present-day Mexico is of first-class interest for both ends of the American continent, and has, therefore, general interest, yet it is surprisingly difficult to obtain even remotely accurate information—the communist press long ago dismissed the revolutionary tendencies of the present regime as Trotskyist, and the only volume of comment one sees is the garbled version of the Catholic and clerical press, which has never attempted to present the Church problem in terms of the unfortunate inhabitants of the country.

Mr. Parkes's study brings the social and political history of Mexico from earliest times up to the year 1938, and it is an entirely admirable introduction for the general reader. It is difficult to make any criticisms of this book : with all its close political scrutiny it presents a superbly unified view of the country's evolution. As is perfectly justified in a history of contemporary interest, the treatment of later events is in greater detail, so that more than a quarter of the book is concerned with the events of the last thirty years. The most impressive feature of the Mexican revolution, which began in 1910, is that it has gone on steadily evolving and clarifying its doctrines from the time Zapata was an almost legendary figure, riding his white horse over the sierra and dealing out very summary justice to the big landowners, clerical and lay, dividing their lands

among an impoverished peasantry, right up to the present day. The reasons why this is so, why it has not slid back after the first extremes of freedom, as happened with the Lutheran revolution, the English revolution, the French revolution, and the Russian revolution, can be examined in this book. One reason appears to be the decentralized character of the country itself, another the short life of her politicians.

I have listed the above biography of Rivera in this review, because the art of so powerful and significant a painter is quite inseparable from the history of his time, and this biography, with its plentiful illustrations and its vivacious local colour, is likely to serve as one of the more significant documents for contemporary Mexican history. It is the first comprehensive treatment in English of Rivera's work—which owing to the medium of his best painting (fresco) is less known in Europe than it ought to be. Mr. Wolfe's life traces the evolution of his present work back to its connection with cubism and pre-war Parisian modes, and includes a number of startlingly effective illustrations of this period, which will come as a surprise to many admirers of the murals. It seems rather a pity that the only colour reproduction included appears on the dust cover, but since there are 166 excellent photographic illustrations from all periods, perhaps one shouldn't grumble. The text includes good criticism, as well as anecdote, and has that slightly 'eager' quality one associates with the most attractive current American writing. It is very much to be hoped that this book will be made more easily obtainable this side of the Atlantic.

It is interesting to compare the viewpoints on modern Mexico given in these two books, both of which are written, broadly, from the left. Mr. Parkes, without any facile optimism, can end on a note of hope, that even if there are dark periods in store in the immediate future, the new communal order will continue to be slowly built up, and he is an ungrudging admirer of President Cárdenas. Mr. Wolfe, on the other hand (and this appears to be Rivera's standpoint, too), looks on the present regime as just another circle of corrupt politicians, yet a new bourgeoisie enriching itself on the delusion of the masses. It seems, however, certain that the Cárdenas regime combines a further measure of socialism than has been obtained in either Sweden or New Zealand, with a considerably greater degree of personal freedom than is admitted in Russia. Revolution is really a very gradual process and progress in Mexico very much depends on the new president to be elected in 1940 (since "No re-election!" is still a slogan), and on the maintenance of a fairly friendly administration in Washington. Perhaps I can quote Mr. Parkes, writing elsewhere: "fundamental social changes are always slow, power corrupts and long-continued privilege enervates, . . . wars, reforms and revolutions never completely fulfil either the hopes of their friends or the fears of their enemies."

GRATTAN FREYER.

JOHN MACHALE. By Nuala Costello. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd., and London: Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

No Irish Historian has yet done justice to John MacHale who ranks amongst the greatest Irishmen of the 19th century. This will astonish a good many readers who know little about the Lion of St. Jarlath, as Daniel O'Connell loved



to call him. Irish history has always been sadly neglected in Irish schools. Amongst other Irish history books, Professor Curtis's *History of Ireland* makes no mention at all of John MacHale, and Miss Mary Hayden and Mr. George Noonan's *Short History of the Irish People* mentions him only twice. Everyone should therefore, welcome this little book by Miss Costello as an honest attempt to put John MacHale in his right place in Irish History.

Though Miss Costello is very sympathetic to her subject she treats it too much *oratio obliqua* way. She follows precedents and, even in the light of later events in the development of the Irish Nation, she evolves no system of her own in explaining away the powerful influence of the patriotic Irish prelate on the development of affairs in his time and after. She makes no mention of MacHale's dealings with the Irish Irelanders, the men of '48, and the Fenian movement which the prelate never excommunicated. Miss Costello mentions MacHale's opposition to any and every scheme and plan proposed by the then rulers of Ireland for the government or the education of the Irish people, but she does not explain MacHale's motives for his actions, his reasons for his opposition nor his own plans for reform.

For instance Miss Costello says that MacHale opposed the British-planned National System of Mixed Education without stating clearly that he opposed this system because, in his own words, it aimed at educating the Irish out of their national consciousness, and that, as a prelate, he wished to have the Catholic children educated separately from the Protestants and, as a patriot, he was opposed to placing the education of the Irish children in the hands of the Crown. Surely this was as orthodox an objection as the statement of his opponent, Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, that "it would be unfair to expect books used in the primary school to unfold any peculiar view of religion."

MacHale had his own plan of education and it would be unfair to condemn him for his opposition to the Government's, before we know his own. He wished to establish Monastery Day Schools all over Ireland, which would be under the control of the Irish clergy and to which Irish children would go to be taught their religion and the history of Ireland. He would not have the children cut off from their homes, the only places at which they were taught Irish history and the Irish language.

Considering the magnificent part played by John MacHale for the resurgence of the linguistic and freedom movements in Ireland, it is difficult to conceive why Miss Costello dismisses "MacHale and the Irish Language" in less than three pages. Is she not aware that he did, alone, more than all the others together to arrest the death of the Irish language and to start the linguistic revival which, as we all know too well now, did not come too soon. Has she taken the easiest way out or was the task above her strength? However, as it is, this little book should be in every Irish home.

MO CHARA STIOFÁN. By Liam Ó Rinn. Oifig An tSoláthair, Baile Átha Cliath. 1939.

"My friend Stephen," by Mr. Liam Ó Rinn of the Dáil translation department, is the record of a long friendship, an incessant correspondence between the

author and the late Stephen McKenna, translator of Plotinus,—so well known to many readers of this magazine. It is the most important, the most stimulating book that has appeared in Irish for many years. For fresh, vigorous, thought-provoking literary and linguistic criticism of the whole field of modern Irish writing, no book like it has ever appeared in the language. From the date of their first meeting in Dublin in 1917 to Stephen's death in 1934, Ó Rinn and he were in constant discussion, oral and written—in Dublin, in London, in Cornwall—on all the problems that beset those who strive to fashion a modern literary standard out of three dialects and what appears to them possible to retain or necessary to reject of the classical Irish of former days. Liam Ó Rinn in his own beautiful, adequate, cultured Irish sets himself out to be McKenna's Boswell. We hear McKenna's vigorous denunciation of *caint na ndaoine*, that is of those whose idea of "literature" is to string together all the phrases they have heard from the old people,—the very negation of the need for personality, originality, creativeness which, over and over again, he insists are the *sine qua non*. He suggests that in modern times, journalists and novelists are more important than Dantes or Homers for the formation of a standard language; he urges on Gaelic authors to take their work seriously, to practise translation of different types of authors into Irish, not to accept English standards as universal, to get in touch with foreign authors, especially French, to be modern, to avoid classics (!), to read books on the technique of the short story, the drama etc., rather than on literary criticism, etc., etc. He is not always consistent. Thus he tells us he is trying to put Montaigne into Irish, then that he has rejected him; and is translating the Satires of Horace. It is a melancholy reflection that after all these years of study and experiment we have nothing in Irish from the pen of Stephen McKenna.

The book is also, unconsciously, a self-revelation of Liam Ó Rinn; the most hard-working, the most serious and the most courageous of all native-born Dubliners who have tried to become writers in Irish. It reminds us that, apart from all external "schemes" for the greater use of the language, there is need for internal reform, for standardisation, for a Gaelic academy.

Liam Ó Rinn has given us, not only an indispensable adjunct to the "Journals of Stephen McKenna" but a *vade mecum* which should be in the hands of all aspirants to Gaelic Authorship.

LIAM Ó BRIAIN.

ART LIES BLEEDING. By Francis Watson. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Francis Watson has collected some surprising and distressing information about the state of art and artists in England these days. The troubles of the unpatronised artist have long been suspected. Inevitably the mass of subsidised governmental art schools have turned out an excess of practitioners into a market which simply exploits each successive wave as it comes. The cost of living rises but prices drop. No sense of responsibility exists on any part. Moreover, there are cunning tales told in newspaper ads about the profits in commercial art. Now, there are a few successful art experts among the multitude of workers on publicity, and there are a few humorists who get away with large fees regularly. But, anyhow, this is not the *art* which is in question.

"Art Lies Bleeding" runs on with satirical gusto to recount the numerous rackets which exist to batten on the fair name, and fame, and fortune of Fine Art. These, of course, start with the congeries of Municipal Art Galleries which generally occupy the attention of a curator and a committee with its chairman; and some of the more successful can command a turnstile fee in the manner of the Royal Academy. But they don't sell much to the visitors of the special exhibitions which they organize. As for their own purchases, the R.A., to which as lesser lights, they bow down, has first pull. Academicians, as Mr. Watson shows, have an expert knowledge in handling funds appointed to buy works of art.

Warming to the work Mr. Watson goes on to describe the economic entanglement bearing down the unsubsidised artist and his hapless efforts to earn. But this part of his argument, though it traverses most of the possible remedies available through societies, associations and such sources, and also the available charities and doles, does not get down to the drastic fact that, even today, a lot of money is spent on art. And, alas, it does not reach the artist. He's dead and gone. Of course there are multitudes of middlemen who batten on art—monstrous dealers, and dreadful officials too, hold the poor creature paralyzed in their grip—because the big money is for the art of the dead. Dead artists are good artists from the financial aspect. So are live artists destroyed by their predecessors.

Perhaps, now the bombproof storage places are ready, it would be well to put all the old masterpieces away there where they'll be safe, and hold in the vacated galleries big exhibitions, free of hanging fees, for the work of contemporary artists. After going over the subject in the train of Mr. Watson one suspects that academicians, curators and old masters are more, much more dangerous to living artists than potential bombs. Though, by the bye, he does not say that: it's just a reviewer's moral to adorn his tale.

ANTOINE WATTEAU: an illustrated biography. By Gilbert Barker. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

No artist of universal repute stands further away than Antoine Watteau from the current phase of motives that go to the production of works of art today. That is to say, of course, those pictures which are acceptable to the critical aesthetic public. As for the manufacturers of elegant and pleasing phantasy, they depend upon the school which derived from his discoveries but, unfortunately they are, seldom or never, sufficiently accomplished in draughtsmanship and technique to do more than disgrace the supple and exquisite original.

Mr. Gilbert Barker's biography, few as are its illustrations (eight only of which none are from drawings), offers a valuable study of the life and habit of the painter, carefully documented. Perhaps it may aid to correct the general drift toward a grim seriousness in artistic technique, for, above all things, Watteau's painting had ease of manner, and it possessed at the same time high accomplishment and originality. The exquisite single figure called "L'Indifferent" anticipated in technique and colour the later school of the Impressionists: it had that blur and shimmer of colour

pigment translated in terms of light which they professed so ardently. But there is no more elusive figure than Watteau, in painting or in life, among the chief artists of the western world. Out of the welter of physical exuberance expressed by the Flemings and Italians of the 17th century appeared on a sudden his vision, which seems to possess no real parallel except among the Chinese pictures of the Land of the Blessed. Sad, *maladif*, long-visaged Watteau knew the Golden Age out of his own bright mirror of desire. But only his extraordinary powers as a draughtsman could have availed to bring to being so delicate a flower as "L'Embarquement pour Cythere" besides something perhaps that he drew too from the *chinoiseries* he had designed as hackwork for Gillot.

ALFRED STEVENS: Architectural Sculptor, Painter and Designer. By Kenneth Romney Towndrow. Constable. 21s.

Alfred Stevens of Blandford, painter and sculptor provides the subject for an excellent study in the troubles and distresses of a distinguished artist. The author, Kenneth R. Towndrow, has made it, beyond the obvious biographical purpose, also a defence of Stevens from the denigration of a modern critic or two on account of his aesthetic principles, and against the old reproach of officials who queried his accounts for the making of the Wellington Memorial for St. Paul's. Happily, as an end to the history of troubles and distresses, it stands there now to be seen by all, and as nearly as may be as Stevens designed it, despite the bum-bailiffs' seizure and the writs from Whitehall.

In his life Stevens was just well enough patronized to escape poverty. He produced certain designs for iron-work which established the reputation of both his iron-master patron and himself, out of that queer welter of pretentiousness which was the Great Exhibition promoted by Albert and Victoria. The times were difficult for an artist of decided taste and strong conviction, obviously. The strain of his life seems to have resulted in nervous troubles and migraines, and an earlyish death. But Mr. Towndrow has compiled out of the conflicting records—which must have been difficult to adjust to any common measure of certainty—a definite life story of a very distinguished artist. In one respect the biography is weakened by the attitude of defence taken by its writer. A drastic front attack upon both the official and critical reproaches made against the serious and lonely artist would have been more inspiring and inspiring to the reader. Stevens was a great figure in the wilderness of mid-century bad taste.

As for his predilection for a strongly characterised version of Renaissance sculpture, which endures throughout his career; the circumstances of his student wanderings clarify the Italianate mannerism. As a boy and young man Stevens wandered from Naples and Rome, northwards to Florence, apparently earning his livelihood as he went. This student wandering lasted ten years. He landed at Naples in 1833 with sixty pounds, and that seems to have been the extent of the resources he received from England so far as is recorded. Out of this strange pilgrimage he returned to England as a formed artist of very significant powers and a distinctive style which has been sufficient to arouse



the strongest enthusiasm and the bitterest hostility. For a man who led the quiet and oddly simple life that Stevens did, there seems to be a guarantee of high distinction in the turmoil which has haunted the discussion of his works and their merits. The selection of illustrations reproduced from Stevens' drawings, paintings and sculptures is excellent, and is comprehensive enough to reveal the true measure of the man's art.

NEW POEMS. By John Gawsworth. Martin Secker: the Richards Press.  
5s

More definitely than ever, Mr. John Gawsworth has declared himself, in "New Poems" a brother of the Romantics. There is here something close akin to the apocalyptic wonder of de Nerval's mystical golden verses, the running tide of history flashing and murmuring with, on a sudden, a call on a half-forgotten heroic name. And yet, again, there is a hint too, of the pinching paradox making of William Blake, the upspringing surprise about the oddness of life in itself and the mystery of ordinary things. Altogether it marks an adventure and an advance. The author has gone on deeper in exploration of words and the images they stand for. Glyphs and signs and magical echoes move and whisper behind the tapestry of form; the hidden life behind all art is awake.

Out of the alchemic imagination of the poet has sprung a wild creature, a leaping figure of a man, garlanded and masked and shouting ringing phrases which shake and quiver like waving tree-branches glittering under the storm and rainbow. It is all alive, shapely, moving. Here is the opening verse of his "Conjunction.

Charm and beauty fade and die;  
Music into silence goes:  
And at this moment who am I  
To resurrect their rose?

An old and long-sought transmutation is in operation there, the first flush of a magical blooming.

There are phrases, again and again, calling up strange movements of thought out of their very sound

London shall again be burned.  
The swan is singing over the city

And the haunted city that is the temple of life, recurs once and again, as in

Down 'twill come, the arrogant city  
Of the body, sapped at twenty.

But there is a plenitude of passages, poetic and hieratic, telling of a thrilling of power in a turn of words,

A SERVANT OF THE QUEEN. By Maud Gonne MacBride. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 1938.

Madame MacBride's story has its beginning in a barracks of the Irish Garrison, in presentations and balls at Dublin Castle and life amongst the ascendancy in the eighties of the last century, but it takes a quick turn into the way that led to separatism and revolution.

The daughter of the Assistant Adjutant-General of the British Army, Maud Gonne's first knowledge of Ireland seems to have come from within the enemy ranks as she watched, with her father, whom she calls Tommy, from the terrace of the Royal Barracks (now Collin's) a great Land League procession on its way to a meeting in Phoenix Park.

"They are quite right," said Tommy, "The people have a right to their land," and he told her he was about to leave the British Army and to become a Home Rule Candidate in the coming elections; but death intervened, and it was Maud and not Tommy who threw in her lot with the people in their struggle for the land and for freedom.

The beauty of Maud Gonne in an age when the beauty of women was not standardised by the limits of the photographic lens is recorded in her triumphs and in the poetry of W. B. Yeats. To beauty were joined character, determination and steadfast purpose. Through her work and influence came at last the release of the Treason-felony prisoners, the dynamitards of '67; and her description of her visit to those all-but-forgotten prisoners who were serving life sentences of penal servitude in Portland to whom she brought a ray of hope in an almost rash promise of succour and early release is moving. To the poor of Donegal also she seemed a miracle-worker, a woman of the Sidhe, helping to save them from eviction and death by famine; she tells how she helped them, by

"making the people share my own belief that courage and will are unconquerable and, where allied to the mysterious forces of the land, can accomplish anything."

W. B. Yeats wrote two great plays for her: *The Countess Cathleen*, in which he recreated the woman who had brought food and hope to the famine-stricken people, and *Cathleen Ní Houlihan*, the embodiment of the spirit of unconquerable Ireland determined to win through to freedom. Indeed *A Servant of the Queen* reads like a prose commentary on these two dramas and on the poetry of Yeats.

The book tells much of the early years of the literary movement. The promotion of this literature, in poetry and drama (in English, paradoxical as it may seem to later generations) was, she says "part of the movement for capturing the intellectual life of Ireland for the national cause." It was the time of the Celtic Twilight and it "shrouded with auras many weak effusions, just as fairies and the ancient Gods protected George Russell's bad paintings," and clouded the Gaelic Revival with twilight mists that were alien to it.

All the great names of Irish National life of the last half century crowd these pages, John O'Leary, J. F. Taylor, James Connolly, Arthur Griffith, Willie Rooney, Stephen Mac Kenna, Arthur Lynch, Yeats, MacBride; the girls of Inghinidhe na h-Eireann (the first woman's revolutionary group, open and not secret or oath-bound), and their secretary, Mary Quinn (now Mrs. Dudley Digges).

The story is not told in strictly chronological order, but there is a serious attempt to keep to the sequence of events in the life of the author. It is the

record of one whose dominant interest was her country's liberty and, having grown old in the struggle, knows "the blessedness of having been one of the little stones on the path to freedom."  
E. MAC C.

PROPHECY AND DIVINATION. By Alfred Guillaume, D.D. (Bampton Lectures, 1938). London: Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.

In these eight lectures, delivered in 1938, the lecturer has devoted himself to the examination of the Hebrew claim to a unique revelation of the character of God, in relation to the claims of the other Semitic nations, who all believed in Divine revelation.

He takes us back to the beginnings of the Sumerian peoples and their religion, 1,500 years before the Semites came to power. There we find the earliest form of the stories of the Creation, Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man. Ritual and Magic dominated the whole of life—the seer-priests, the necromancers, the sorcerers, and the atoning-priests, were called on in turn, when the hand of the god lay heavy on the penitent. He notes the similarity between Sumero-Accadian and Hebrew Psalms, and states his conclusion that, though the Accadians were vastly superior to the Hebrews in Sciences and Arts and material resources, they were weak in religious character. The 2nd lecture deals with the nomad Hebraeo-Arabian religion, and the work of Moses in bringing in consciousness of intercourse with the deity—the god as the father of his people. The fundamental difference between nomadic and settled religion is affirmed to be, that the former had a higher standard of sexual morality. During that period, Israel repudiated nature-worship for the more intimate relationship between God and man. The New Moon feasts of the Hebrews belong to their nomadic period. The three following lectures deal with Divinatory Prophecy, Arab as well as Hebrew, with much light on what may be called the mechanism of prophecy, second-sight, and telepathy. This is followed by the history of the inception of the School of the Prophets, and its decline and fall. In following up the Hebrew claims, there is much to interest the general reader—many pages on dreams and visions, with Arabian views on the subject, as well as the modern attitude towards it. Lectures 6 and 7 are given to Magic—religion's predecessor and most ancient rival—and Ecstasy. The magic of the poet and the Arabic philosophy on ecstasy in music are of absorbing interest. The last lecture deals with two problems—(1) Is there a Positive Divine Revelation? (2) The Problem of False Prophecy.

This volume contains over 400 pages of most interesting history and philosophy, told in a remarkably glowing and simple manner, and is a book of reference, indispensable to students of those subjects.  
A. K.

IN VICTORIAN DAYS. By The Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Abbot of Dunfermline. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. net.

The Abbot looks back over more than seventy years—his memory is phenomenal—and finds that, excepting in certain minor respects, life in 1860 was not very different from what it is in this generation, and the earlier recollections which memory gives him make a "pleasing picture." They were sturdy folk

in the 'sixties, when existence in a country house in Scotland would seem to us almost Spartan and reclusive; but there were compensations about which we can only read in essays like these wherein the Abbot recounts the days—the very observant days—of his youth. From that decade, when the evolution of the smoking-room began and copper foot-warmers were hailed as the “last thing” in comfort in railway carriages, a useful and interesting life progresses, and continues after the author has broadcasted a lecture on Monasteries and Scottish History (the last item in the book). He has seen the evolution from naturalness to sophistication, materialism and mechanism; and yet, in anything essential to mankind, he perceives but little change! These reminiscences are of many countries; of Rome under Pius IX, of Christmases in Scotland and Brazil, of the trestures of the Incas, and of the stately homes of England. A series of chapters is devoted to Oxford, where the author matriculated and where afterwards he was Master of a Benedictine Hall. At the University he—then David Blair, a student—made companionship with Oscar Wilde, about whom he writes with sympathy and good humour, and with whom he travelled to Rome. The funds for that tour were raised by the “rash enterprise” of Blair, who went to Monte Carlo and staked a couple of pounds which realised sixty. So the pair were enabled to visit the Eternal City, where the Pope placed hands of benediction on their heads. That day was, according to this informative account, “the high-water mark of Wilde’s *rapprochement* to the Catholic Church.” In the evening Wilde prostrated himself at the grave of Keats. Next day he went off to continue his tour in company with Professor Mahaffy, “a delightful companion, no doubt, but not one to encourage anyone’s predilection for the Roman Church.” The chapter relating to Wilde throws new light on the early character of him who, over pipes and punch in his college rooms, remarked:—“Somehow or other I’ll be famous, and if not famous, I’ll be notorious.”

This admirable volume of *belles-lettres*, while racy with anecdote, is full of wisdom and deep human understanding. It brings an atmosphere of tranquility into a world of uncertainties and alarms.

THE LAWLESS ROADS: A MEXICAN JOURNEY. By Graham Greene. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

This personal impression of Mexico in the Spring of last year is recommended to all habitual readers of travel books. Yet, there is more in it than the mere accounting of the author’s journeyings by tramp steamer, railroad, airplane, automobile and pack mule through a land distraught—a “Waste Land,” an ancient and bloody land, where “riddled with bullets” was a stock phrase.

As well as being geographical and topographical, this book is spiritual and topical. The author found in Mexico a State wherein *bandit* was synonymous with *revolutionary*, where politicians carried guns at their hips, and priests, going about their missions in tweed caps and motoring coats, lived dangerously and died heroically. All the monuments in Mexico, says Mr. Greene, are to violent death. Here we read about Catholic Action furtively operating amid a waste of indigenous cacti—“leaning, like people, rank behind rank.” It is a picture of demoralisation and deterioration, of closed and demolished churches, where the lottery has become the next best thing to hope of heaven. But, although



the journey was made with the main object of studying the effect of persecution on the deeply-rooted religion of the peasantry, the traveller takes us into commercial and social and scenic surroundings, and he introduces us to some strange characters. In San Luis Potosi the anti-religious laws were not being enforced, "because," said General Cedillio, rebel and unofficial governor, "although I do not believe in religion myself, the poor people want it, and I am going to see that they get it." Soon afterwards Cedillio himself—the self-styled democrat—was a fugitive. At Chiapas and Orizoba we find social services shut down, roads and reservoirs stopped, and everywhere talk of another revolution, because of the decree expropriating the foreign oil companies; while the politicians sit on the balcony rails of their headquarters, "doing nothing."

The more pleasing pictures are those of a long-dead culture, of contrasts, and of descents into rich valley-lands, where the great scarlet tulipans are out; where roses and magnolia bloom in March, and the bright, yellow lemons are on the trees. Still, almost everywhere is "elegant decay"; the commercial banks have suspended dealings in foreign exchange, and the country remains quiet—sinister phrase!

PYRENEAN. By J. B. Morton. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

To hear that this is Mr. Morton's best book is not to be greatly enlightened if one has not yet read anything by him. So that others may not find themselves in the position in which I was placed, let me say at once here is a most likeable book—I might almost say a most likeable man, an easy, chatty, companionable fellow. He recounts the adventures of Miles Walker on a journey from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and does it all in an engagingly free and easy manner. Miles does not believe in straining the mind in search of profundities, he prefers to tax his body's strength, and to give us a memorable account of a grand tramp through the Pyrenees.

As to the character of his approach, the following may be taken as a key-note: Miles is about to spend the night in the open, near some dense woodland on the edge of which he has found a clearing, and has thrown down his pack and blanket. He sits for a little while, back against a tree, smoking. "I was happy and at ease. I do not know how long I had been sitting there, looking across the clearing to the steep of the trees beyond, and busy with my thoughts when I noticed a soft glow in the sky. It broadened and strengthened, until the tip of the moon appeared over the ridge, and at once there was light among the trees. It was no silent moon-rise, for the sound of the water seemed to be a part of this awakening, and never, not even at sea in a sailing boat, have I seen any sight that so moved me." The loveliness of the scene, and the solitude almost bewitch him; the moon becomes truly a goddess, the sound of the water seems triumphal music, every stick and stone in the forest is transfigured. On such a night men have started on a frenzied search for the Fountain of Youth. But Miles reflects "Were I to seek that Fountain I should get nothing for my pains but a fall down a precipice, and death without a priest. So, making a gesture to keep her at arm's length, and shaking off my trance—for excess of beauty, and too much fuss made of it is a pagan thing—I said my good, honest, wholesome Christian prayers, and was restored to sanity. When I looked up from arranging

my pillow and blankets on the ground, the normal world was all about me once more. The moon was the moon. The water was making a noise. I wrapped myself snugly in my capacious blanket . . . pulled it over my eyes to blot out dreams, blew the stars out, and settled myself for the night." T. D.

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY. By Irwin Edman. London: Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

The author, in his foreword, offers apologies for not writing his autobiography; but in giving us some incisive biographical sketches of people with whom he met, he has been unable to keep himself altogether out of the pages. Englishmen, Irishmen, Nazis, sailors, teachers, medical practitioners and others he has observed with the analytical mind of the philosopher and the sympathy of a humanist. Mr. Edman is Columbia University's Professor of Philosophy; but he writes "outside the Academy," without profundity, about "Philosophers without Portfolios"—those uncertified thinkers, sometimes in obscure walks of life, who, having had no professional guidance, have acquired by experience and observation an ultimate and residual point of view upon existence. A tour anywhere in the Professor's company would be a delightful holiday; but he prefers to travel alone and to adapt himself to human beings in *their* settings, because, as he says, people are cordial to *one* stranger who would be diffident to two.

So he went alone through the world, where geniality does not consort with the political landscape, and met humanists like the French doctor who cured his self-diagnosed ptomaine poisoning by making him translate five galley-proofs, and by deleting a comma from a reference to Woodsworth—"the light that never was, on sea or land"—to prove that all English poets are always in the *vagues*. Here are stories of the Campus, New York, Manhattan, Luxembourg, Greece, Syria, and other places; of good wine, music and pictures, literature and all that goes to make a vacation pleasant. Wherever meditations have crept in they show the Professor in holiday mood.

THE LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND. By George Scott-Moncreiff. Pp. viii+120. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 1932. 8s. 6d. net.

This volume is the most interesting, to me at any rate, of an interesting series *The Face of Britain*. Mr. Scott-Moncreiff knows his Scotland intimately. He has written what amounts to a plea for an agricultural as against an industrial civilization. He is right. Industrialism has ruined the world. It has brought in its wake, ugliness, capitalism, big business, big finance, anonymous exploitation, armaments on a gigantic scale, poverty, ostentation, and war more abominable than the petty quarrels of other days.

Mr. Scott-Moncreiff says nothing whatever, good or bad, of Castle Douglas, mentions merely *en passant* Dumfries and St. Andrews. He reminds us, in his foreword, that Greta lies east of Edinburgh, the Mull of Galloway south of Durham, and Lossiemouth north of Cromarty. He begins with Galloway. I prefer Galloway to anywhere else in Scotland, perhaps because it is my latest discovery. We are told that Gatehouse of Fleet once rivalled Glasgow as a

manufacturing town and has now less than a thousand inhabitants. "She has withdrawn from her industrial indiscretion with some dignity" (p. 2). Kirkcudbright is the gem of Galloway. Mr. Moncrieff is enthusiastic about the scenery of Galloway, which includes something of everything, on a small scale—a microcosm of Scotland. He praises the view from the delightful railway line that runs, far from everywhere, between Dumfries and Stranraer. Gatehouse station is seven miles from the town.

The reference to Greenlaw, once the county-town of Berwickshire, now insignificant, brings up memories in me of a town-house "in the middle of a patch of grass" (p. 44). "The first turnips to be sown in Britain were grown in Berwickshire." There, too, I stole my first turnips!

On p. 46 we get: "The farmer . . . is creating a wealth more real than that of the manufacturer: a fundamental wealth." (p. 46) Britain if we ignore "spurious values of international finance and exaggerated urban rents" is "a poverty-stricken country." (p. 47)

There is (p. 48) a pleasant little Lanarkshire picture: "The bings stand over the moors: the wires of the grid criss-cross. By Broxburn there is a mountain-range of bings, alps of red slag, through which the road winds. The deserted castle of Niddry Seton stands alone against a towering slag-heap, blackened by fumes." Progress!

On p. 57: "A village cannot live on its pleasantness: to exist, it must perform some function in the social and economic life of the community. To-day we have a decaying agriculture with a decreasing employment: goods made and supplied by remote concerns . . ."

And again (p. 57): "To justify centralisation on the ground of efficiency is merely to identify efficiency with the short, greedy view."

The pages on Glasgow are excellent (pp. 60 to 99).

"The great tobacco trade which . . . made Glasgow depended upon the quicker, and therefore cheaper, transport of the leaf from Virginia. Eventually the shipping companies sold the right to lower freights in exchange for a considerable sum offered by English rivals . . . The Glasgow trade dwindled . . ."

"Glasgow to-day presents an enormous problem . . . She is (a) tragically overcrowded . . . (b) in a decline . . . And Glasgow is being rebuilt in ugly acres on her outskirts: men who have no work are being concentrated in an area which can never offer them any work."

"Glasgow is a damnably ugly city . . . it was once the loveliest in Scotland."

"Glasgow's development in the nineteenth century cannot be seen as glorious except with a complete blindness to the fiendish squalor and slavery and the reckless insensibility that accomplished it."

"Although poverty is abject we know that there is enough to go round, that wages could be universally adequate" (p. 72). Mr. Moncrieff damns the policy of a State which gives back a little, parsimoniously, of what it takes away, and enslaves us in the process.

About the coast towns of Fife (except St. Andrews) Mr. Moncrieff is enthusiastic, especially Crail and St. Monance.

We learn (p. 97) that "Culloden Moor has now two tea-shops . . . The tartan atrocities on sale are outcome of the battle that, worse than its butchery,

brought a people to subjection and degradation for generations, as all the empty Highlands bear testimony."

We are told (pp. 99-100) of the Culbin Sands—familiar to me in my student-days—opposite Findhorn. "The sand drowned what was the Garden of Moray in the seventeenth century, inundated a village and thousands of acres of arable land . . . not a small bird nor a rabbit penetrates . . ."

"Elgin must have been a lovely town: it is still dignified, pleasant, with good shops . . ." (p. 103) That has always been my memory of Elgin too. An ancestor of my wife's burned the Cathedral. I remember that she and I went to see it, I think, in 1906.

There is a lyric passage on the whisky of Glenlivet and Glen Fiddich. Whisky, today, alas! says Mr. Moncrieff connotes "'a raw spent tinctured with real whisky to take off the edge of its fury'" (p. 104). I have drunk the real stuff long ago in Aberdeen and at Craigellachie and latterly, in 1936, in little country pubs on Speyside.

There is an excellent and bitter page on the ways of the Government with Fisheries. (pp. 108-109). It is too long to quote, but it should be pondered deeply.

"I remember a fisherman at one port thinking that he would rather distribute his unsold fish to the local infirmaries and institutions . . . But . . . this attempt to sabotage the British Raj was noticed in time and checked, and the Board official saw that every fish was safely destroyed." What a civilisation that destroys food in order to keep up prices while millions starve for the lack of it!

There is little about Aberdeenshire, but I suppose the West of the County is Highland and does not come into Mr. Moncrieff's purview.

"Donside is incomparably the best of Aberdeenshire" (p. 113). "The Dee is as dull a river as the Don is delightful. Deeside has an air of amplitude, and nothing more! it is quite unsubtle, both in the Lowland belt and where it mounts to the picture-postcard Highlands of Braemar."

I think Mr. Moncrieff is unfair to Deeside. I prefer Donside, but Deeside has its beauty and its charm, and even its subtlety. It is not the fault of Deeside that British Royalty has chosen to make of it a Residence, and that its grandeur has been vulgarised by picture post-cards and the tourist trade.

There are 115 excellent and representative illustrations of scenery and architecture, and a good map on the fly-leaves. Messrs. Batsford as well as the author must be congratulated on a miracle of production at so low a price.

R. B.

A TREASURY OF UNFAMILIAR LYRICS. Selected and Edited by Norman Ault. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.

MODERN POETRY. Chosen by Robert Lynd, Thomas Nelson & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

For his *Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics* Mr. Ault has ransacked miscellanies, periodicals, Elizabethan and Caroline Songbooks and Bodley's MSS. with a true scholar's love of the chase, which in itself would not have been enough, but which in addition to the poetic taste and judgment he possesses, has succeeded, in running to earth some fine rare game. He has achieved a remarkable feat in excluding from this anthology every poem which appears in the two standard



collections, *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The book's inevitable weakness, seeing that it contains 833 lyrics, mostly by minor and unknown poets, is that there are too many of the lighter verse triflers included. Although among the song-books of Campion, Dowland and Weelkes there are many lovely lyrics such as "Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air" "Clear or cloudy, sweet as April showers," one grows weary of the shallow and monotonous sweetness of their less talented brothers, so that after such a saccharine prodigality, to reach the astringent subtlety of thought and bone-refined technique of John Donne is a relief. The later Restoration and early eighteenth century is another desert of conventional and trivial rhymsters, as like as two peas, and one feels the same sense of escape on arriving at the dry and incisive wit of Pope and Swift. Even Dr. Johnson's "Epitaph on Claudy Phillips" has far more individual force than all the works of these minor poetasters. Apart from these "longueurs," the collection is full of rareities and surprises, such as the strangely compelling poem "To the Snail," by John Bunyan; "It was a Beauty that I saw," by Ben Jonson, which in its perfection matches the better known "Goddess excellently bright"; a passionate poem by Montrose to Charles I written with the point of his sword, and a fascinating curiosity, a neat, secular epigram by Samuel Wesley, "From a hint in the Minor Poets":—

"No! not for those of women born,  
Not so unlike the die is cast;  
For, after all our vaunt and scorn,  
How very small the odds at last!

Him, raised to Fortune's utmost top  
With him beneath her feet compare;  
And one has nothing more to hope  
And one has nothing more to fear."

Nearer our own day it is more difficult to find unknown or neglected good work, but the poems of Robert Burns here quoted, "A Rosebud by my Early Walk" and "The Wood Lark," are in every respect as fine as the much anthologised "Mouse" poem. As one who has hitherto been completely renegade as regards Wordsworth, I am almost converted by "The Sun has long been Set" and "To a Butterfly," and such a regeneration is surely one of the best arguments in favour of anthologies.

Mr. Robert Lynd is grimly determined to be a fair referee on what he calls "the battle-ground of modern poetry." "I have consciously excluded no poet because his school . . . appeals to me less strongly than others," and so the late William Watson and Cecil Day-Lewis are both represented. He puts the reader in a good temper by the first poem in the book, which is not only a magnificent work but most pointed to our present discontents, "An Ancient to Ancients," by Thomas Hardy:—

"Where once we danced, where once we sang,  
Gentlemen,  
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,  
And cracks creep; worms have fed upon  
The doors. Yea, sprightlier times were then  
Than now, with harps and tabrets gone,  
Gentlemen!"

It is interesting in some cases to compare Mr. Lynd's choice with that of W. B. Yeats in the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. From Rudyard Kipling, for example, Yeats chose some poems from *Rewards and Fairies*, "The Looking Glass" and "St. Helena Lullaby," both to my mind more purely poetical than "Recessional" and "Mandalay" quoted here, which show Kipling in his imperialistic and journalistic vein, rather than as the imaginative lyricist he occasionally and surprisingly was. In the case of Robert Bridges the exquisite perfection of "Idle Flowers" is better than anything in Yeats' selection, although they both coincide in the lovely "Nightingales."

Mr. Lynd is kinder to Irish poets than was Yeats; here are Austin Clarke and Seumas O'Sullivan, two of the most glaring omissions from the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*; also Ledwidge, MacDonagh, Pearse, Kettle and Richard Rowley, although my personal taste could have foregone the sentimentalities of Moira O'Neill.

Among the youngest there are good examples of the work of Andrew Young and Christopher Hassall, and a moving and sensitive lyric called "Cowper at Olney," by the wife of the compiler, Sylvia Lynd. The whole anthology is distinguished by a wise humanism, and fair and balanced judgment, and no better standard work could be desired.

M. G.

THE DISCUSSION BOOKS. Edited by Richard Wilson and A. J. J. Ratcliff.  
London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 2s. per vol., net.

The Discussion Books, which deal with a very wide range of subjects and continually are being added to, are issued at a remarkably reasonable price which gives all intelligent citizens the opportunity of keeping themselves abreast with what is going on in the modern world. Taken at random from the series are: No. 6, *The Responsible Citizen*, in which S. H. Cair gives a simple descriptive account of the method of central government; No. 9 is *Our Spoken Language*, by A. Lloyd James, Professor of Phonetics in the University of London, wherein the author interests the ordinary man and woman in the problems of good speaking; No. 10, *The Material of English History*, by F. J. Weaver, tells us how history is made and how records of all kinds have been kept throughout the ages; No. 12, *The Geography behind History*, wherein Gordon East, Lecturer in Historical Geography at the London School of Economics, follows geographical situations and their influence on historical problems (there are sixty maps and sketches); No. 23, *Psychology and the Religious Quest*, gives a fundamental analysis of social and personal religious motivations, and a discussion of their truth and usefulness in adjusting man to his universe, by Raymond B. Cottell, formerly Director of the Leicester School's Psychological Clinic; No. 28, *The New Farming*, by D. H. Robinson, Editor of "Agricultural Progress," deals comprehensively with the newer methods of working arable and pasture, dairy and chicken farms, and other activities connected with the land (this book is well illustrated by photographic reproductions). One of the newest additions of the series is *The Adult Class* (No. 30), by A. J. J. Ratcliff—one of the general Editors—who offers sound advice and instruction on the subject of adult education. This work is based on the author's wide experience in training student teachers, and in teaching adults of various categories.

*The Councillor*, by A. N. C. Shelley, is a simple and logical statement of the duties and status of Members of Urban District Councils which will be useful

to all who wish to act as critics of the doings of those who are selected to serve civic interests. In W. R. Calvert's *Nature and the Rambler*, lovers of the countryside will find an ideal pocket companion. Of special interest is the recently issued volume, *Hire Purchase*, by Aylmer Vallance, on the ethics of the credit purchase systems, their development and their present and potential effect on national and world economics, and it contains some sound advice to hirers. *Workers Abroad*, by G. F. Jones, embraces the substance of lectures, delivered by the author, on the physical and political classes in other countries in comparison with the circumstances of British workers.

All these Discussion Books are well documented, and they contain indices, reading lists and bibliographies.

RECALL TO THE CHURCHES. SALVATION OR SUICIDE. By Robert Morton. Arthur Barker. 5s. net.

To the author of this book I earnestly commend the advice of Alceste in Act I, Scene II of *Le Misanthrope* where he says in a conversation with Oronte,

Qu'il faut qu'un galant homme ait toujours grand empire  
Sur les démangeoisons qui nous prennent d' écrire.

It is not, and it cannot be a gratifying thing to say that Mr. Morton's book is a reeble contribution to a big subject, yet with the best will in the world one can honestly say nothing else. The English Primate's recent appeal to the nation was a much too serious business to merit a response of the kind that lies here in front of me shouting out from its vivid yellow cover.

Now shall we look at it? Chapter VII which is particularly rancid in its unrestrained hatred of the Church contains the astonishing information that "life on this planet dates back perhaps a million years, and the human animal has possessed some power of thought for about three thousand of those." The crass ignorance betrayed by such a statement is indicative of all the writer has to say within these covers. What possible message can a man have for to-day who writes of "the Church's preoccupation with the imaginary terrors of sin" and a few pages further on in his reference to Bill Sykes is "reminded that death is often preferable to the intolerable remorse which follows such an act"? Imaginary terrors of sin: intolerable remorse! What does he mean? Is he talking at large?

There is much in this book that is unconsciously funny. After just 92 very small pages, Chapter VI commences thus:—"Having weighed the beliefs and dogmas of the Church and found them wanting &c." What wonderful instruments of precision our author must possess! What delicate critical apparatus!

Another chapter is entitled Judge Not. And he proceeds to put the great maxim into practice by bespattering in the final section of it certain of the Popes with the offscourings of Billingsgate.

I intended to say something about the grammar; but it really does not matter. Why bother?

S. B. C.

JONATHAN SWIFT. Dean and Pastor. By Robert Wyse Jackson, LL.D. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 6s.

The most striking characteristic of Swift was his common sense. His satirical tracts on politics, "modern" poetry, fashionable foibles and manners

were all based on that inexorable appeal to common sense. The grim humour of his epigrams and the irony of his deliberate paradoxes owe their force to that homely quality. Even the prose style of Swift with its deliberate plainness and choice of the direct, simple word shows his determination to avoid extravagance. The most striking characteristic about the numerous biographies which have appeared in recent years about Swift is their lack of common sense and of sound proportions. Sensationalism and false picturesqueness, indicated as much by the title as by the contents, have been the note of recent popular biography. Even our own new school of political biography has shown these qualities at their worst. The career of Swift obviously offers ample opportunities for violent and dramatic contrasts, and biographers have followed one another in recent years through every degree of imitativeness. Dr. Jackson's small book is, to some extent, an answer to the dramatic school. He returns to the original facts and details; and his arguments are fully charged with common sense. The old biographers moralised over Swift's mental breakdown, the new biographers depict his last years with morbid curiosity. Dr. Jackson merely states the lamentable facts and puts them in their right perspective. The madness of Swift was neither a dire punishment nor a dramatic protest against the greater follies of sanity. Dr. Jackson also leaves aside the problem of Stella and Vanessa, since so many biographers have spent almost all their time pursuing these two ladies in distress. But his brief discussion on the whole matter is sensible and convincing. Apart from Swift's fear of madness, there was his formed habits of bachelordom.

"Even the playful 'Little Language' of the *Journal* was not really that of a lover. There was something old-maidish about Swift. His finicking neatness and love of petty detail; his fantastic passion for routine; his scrupulous cleanliness and fastidiousness; that prudery which degenerated to an overflow of filth, the off-scourings of a mind whose ultra niceness sickened at the normal animal functions—all these things were symptomatic of maladjustment. Perhaps here is the answer to the riddle of Swift and Stella."

There were also practical reasons.

"He had been poor all his life, and his ambition dreaded the responsibility of a wife and children, for he had seen too many promising young men marry in poverty and sink irrevocably, country curates on a few pounds a year, with a horde of ragged, half-starved children and a drudge of a wife."

This is a thoroughly unromantic view, but Swift was not a romantic person in our sense of the word.

Dr. Jackson deals adequately with the complicated political background which must be understood before one can appreciate Swift's thwarted ambition. But he devotes most of his book to a study of Swift as clergyman: and many of Swift's biographers have almost forgotten the fact that the great writer was a clergyman. One wonders what might have happened if Swift had, as an ambitious young man, become Dean of Derry. The Rev. John Bolton of Laracor was also in search of that dignity and it had been hinted to him that a thousand pounds would prove helpful in the election. Swift had not that money; his youth was against him, and so he came to Laracor. Dr. Jackson has thrown



new light on Swift's life at Laracor and, working on contemporary records, shows the practicality with which Swift reorganised his first parish. He has collected a good deal of local lore and tradition. The stories are merely that type of debased folk lore which lingers around historic names in the Irish countryside, but they emphasise the fact that even as a young clergyman, Swift, in an age of strong individuality and eccentricity, was already "a bit of a character."

Dr. Jackson gives us his considered opinion that Swift was the best Dean in the history of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in his detailed examination of Swift's activities during thirty-two years makes out an excellent case. Swift seems to have had a genius for financial administration, and finances, as we know, play an essential and important part in practical religious affairs. Thirty-two years is a long time and Swift's daily routine in its conscientiousness and exactness is, to say the least of it, surprising: Dr. Jackson devotes a chapter, for instance, to Swift's improving of the choir. Though he was not personally interested in music and certainly disliked the new flamboyant style, he insisted on the highest standard. His search for choirmasters, in fact, was indefatigable. Candidates for the choir were brought from all over England to have their voices tested and he engaged in lengthy correspondence with Arbuthnot and others in order to secure the right voices. It is interesting to learn that the choir which sang to Handel's accompaniment when *The Messiah* was first performed in Dublin was mainly drawn from St. Patrick's. But in 1742, when Handel came to see Swift, the latter's mind had gone for ever. Swift had no idea who his caller was. At last a servant managed to make him remember something of Handel. "Oh, a German and a genius! a prodigy!" exclaimed Swift, his mind stirring for a moment.

The fact that Swift's drastic satire on the entire human race was at variance with his creed does not disprove the fact that he was an intensely religious man. Humour, however grim, is never a complete expression of the mind. Those who depict Swift as a genius outside his own period and overlooking the centuries turn their back on half his pamphlets, tracts and controversies. Swift's contempt for christian sects and Roman Catholicism, his hatred of the deists and free thinkers not only proves that he was a man of his century but indicates the intensity of his religious conviction and devoutness.

The fact that this book has already attracted the attention of critics shows, perhaps, that sensational biography may be on the wane. Swift had "a way with him" and both as Dean and Drapier his daily appearances in the Liberties were a public event. Dr. Jackson has not followed, happily, the example of our younger biographers. He has resisted the temptation of giving his book the title "King of the Mob."

C.

THE WELSH REVIEW. A Monthly Journal about Wales, its People and their Activities. Edited by Gwyn Jones. Vol. I—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Vol. II—No. 1. Cardiff: 39 Penarth Road. 1s. monthly.

Wales remains even in this twentieth century a mysterious land, hidden behind the barriers of its own speech. Even our own language revivalists know probably less about Welsh literature than Dr. Johnson knew about Gaelic literature when he tramped through the Highlands or engaged rashly in the

Macpherson controversy. Odd scraps in translation indicate that Welsh bardic poetry outpassed our own in sheer glitter of style. To the Gaelic grammatical forms of eclipses and aspiration, the Welsh language adds a third form of consonantal mutation. But only a knowledge of Welsh could enable us to realise the poetic advantage of such grammatical richness. We know dimly that the national religious experience of the eighteenth century deepened the note of Welsh poetry and led to a revival in the nineteenth century.

Modern Welsh literature in English began for most of us when a young draper's assistant in Cardiff bought a secondhand copy of Synge's plays. The angry revolt of Caradoc Evans was followed by that of other poets and prose satirists such as Rhys Davies and Idris Davies. In recent years literary expression has been awakening, and one catches glimpses of the two Wales—the darker Wales of industrial depression and pitheads and the other Wales with its centuries-old traditions and imagination.

Welsh writers in English are rather in the same position as Irish and Scotch writers in English. Their work is liable to be lost sight of in the mass of English publications. We are liable only to hear of the more sensational satirists; and the writers themselves are faced with the strong temptation of writing expressly for an English public. *The Welsh Review*, which was founded in February, should prove a real rallying point, and help to prevent the scattering of the new energy. Progressive in its attitude and aware of contemporary influences, it is an endeavour to conserve a distinct culture. If one may venture to read between the lines of the editorials by Mr. Gwyn Jones, the position of the English-speaking Welshman is rather similar to our own. Welsh speakers are inclined to look askance and rather suspiciously on literature in an alien language. There are original poems, short stories of contemporary Welsh life, and translations from Welsh poetry in the seven numbers under review; and among the other features there is a monthly commentary, watchful in tone, on B.B.C. broadcasts from the Welsh station.

Of particular interest are the articles by Mr. Llewelyn Powys and Mr. John Cowper Powys, both of them explorations of the Welsh imaginative temperament. Mr. J. Ellis Williams writes on the dramatic movement in Wales, and one gathers that conditions are rather similar to our own. There is considerable dramatic activity, for the Welsh chapels, after a preliminary boycott, now vie with each other in forming dramatic societies. But the standard in folk drama is as low as that which now seems to prevail in the Abbey Theatre. Mr. H. Idris Bell (whose book, *The Development of Welsh Poetry*, might afford an example to our revivalists occupying their time in translating detective stories into Irish) writes on the Welsh poetic tradition. Mr. James Guthrie contributes personal reminiscences of Edward Thomas. Many of the contributors are new writers, but among better known names are W. H. Davies, Ernest Rhys, Emlyn Williams, Jack Jones, Margiad Evans. Each number is illustrated with woodcuts or designs by modern Welsh artists, and the review is well-produced and printed. The first duty of a literary periodical in these days is to survive, and it is to be hoped that this new venture, under the editorship of Mr. Gwyn Jones, will escape the disasters of the present times.

A. C.





